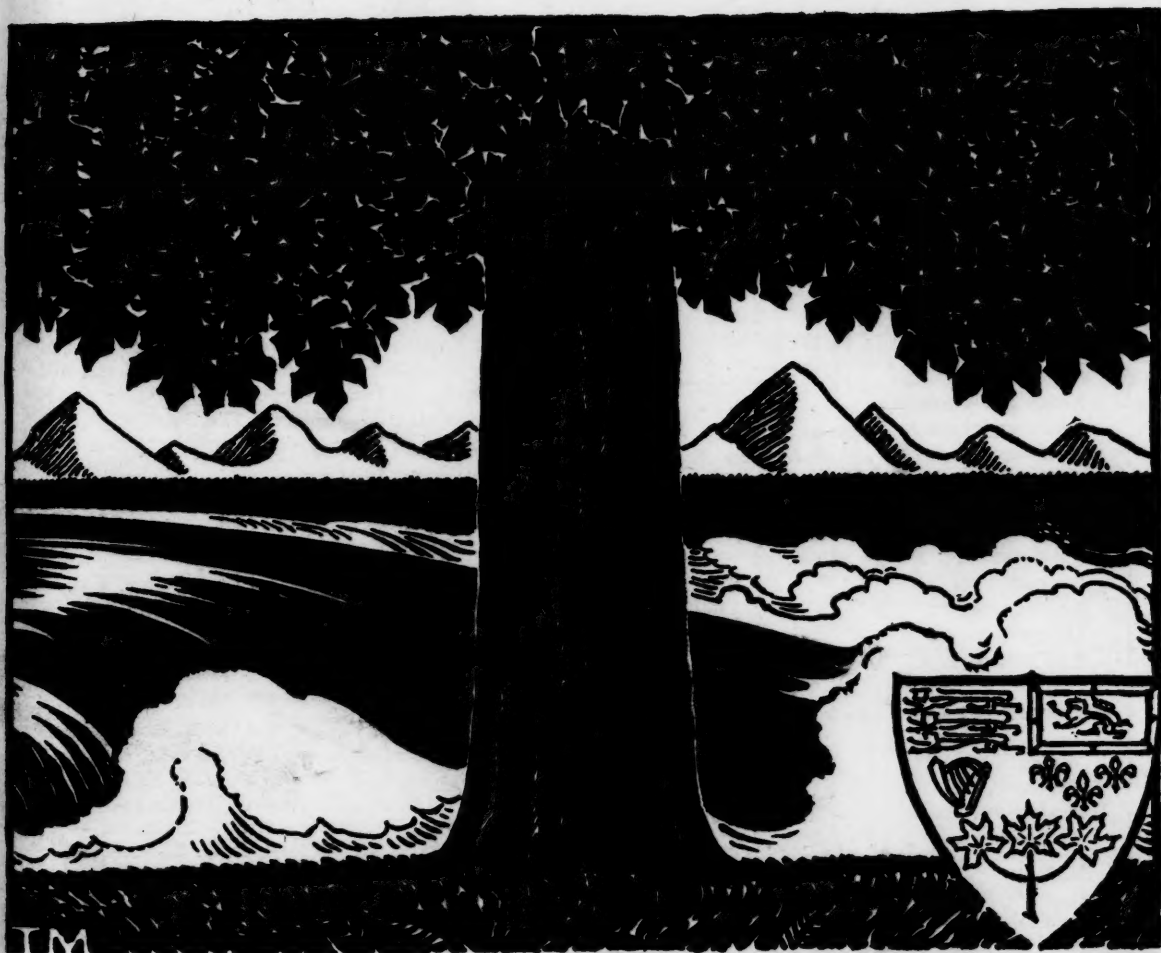


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TORONTO, JULY, 1931

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A BIG BUSINESS BUDGET

THE annual financial statement of the Dominion of Canada which Mr. Bennett presented to the House of Commons on June 1 was, as might have been expected, not only a Canada-First Budget but also a Capitalist-First Budget. For the first time in some years Canada is faced with a serious deficit, which will probably amount to something like one hundred million dollars, and in order to meet this it was necessary to impose a considerable amount of new taxation. The Prime Minister has decided that this new tribute shall not be collected, in the main, from those who have the greatest capacity to pay, but that the incidence of the new taxation is to fall upon those classes which possess the least political influence—the great mass of consumers, the manual labourer, and the farmer. Unquestionably the first result of the Budget will be to increase the severity of the depression in those families which already find the greatest difficulty in making ends meet. But its significant features go far beyond the domestic situation. Canadians, like the peoples of other countries, are suffering from a World crisis, and this crisis is largely caused by the economic warfare which is being waged between the various national entities. Instead of attempting, through international agreements, to modify this suicidal struggle, we are embarking upon a policy of bellicose economic nationalism which will accentuate all these dangerous antagonisms. The Government recently placed an embargo on Russian goods, it has now instituted an almost prohibitive tariff on periodicals from the United States and has increased the duty on many other classes of merchandise. One further step remains to be taken. Some of our large financial interests are pressing for the abolition of our British preferential tariff. When this is accomplished we shall really have 'Canada for the Canadians'—or rather, 'Canada for the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and Canadian Finance Capital'.

RETAIL PRICES

OF ALL the new imposts in the Budget, the one that will fall most heavily on the small house-holder is the increase in the sales tax

from 1 per cent. to 4 per cent., and it is from this source that nearly two-thirds of the new revenue is to be secured. This will raise the cost of living by increasing the price of many manufactured articles by at least 3 per cent. and, unfortunately, the increase of prices may not be limited to the amount collected by the Government in taxation. A great many retail firms base their selling price on cost to them, plus a certain regular percentage. For instance, if the retailer works on a 30 per cent. basis he will add 30 per cent. to the wholesale price plus the sales tax, and the consumer will find that the increase in price is considerably more than 4 per cent. There is another aspect of this question which is important. In the *Monthly Commercial Letter* for June, issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce there is an article on 'The Depression and Commodity Prices' which says in part: 'Economic history also shows that a fall in wholesale prices has been accompanied by a less abrupt decline in retail prices, but that once liquidation in the former has ceased an upward turn occurs, whereas the decline in retail prices continues until the two sets of prices bear the same relation to one another as before the decline. Then, and then only, has prosperity returned'. One feature of the present depression has been the relatively slight decline in retail prices in the last year or two compared with a moderate drop in wholesale prices and a tremendous slump in farm products and other raw materials. The artificial shoring up of retail prices by means of the sales tax will tend to increase the gap between retail goods and raw materials, and may seriously impede the coming of the new prosperity that our optimists tell us is just beyond the horizon.

THE BUDGET AND THE UNEMPLOYED

NOW that Mr. Bennett has given us another dose of high protection, designed to cover 'only such items as it was necessary to deal with to ensure the maximum of employment', it seems appropriate to enquire what the last dose has done for the unemployed. In his budget speech, on June 1, Mr. Bennett claimed that since last August there had been established in Canada 87 new industrial concerns and that 25,000 more

persons were employed in the country at the end of April than at the end of March, and implied that employment generally was better as a result of the tariff increases of the special session of Parliament last September. Conservative newspapers, such as Toronto's ponderous *Mail and Empire*, have been making similar claims. How anyone can seriously advance such arguments is almost beyond comprehension. For the plain fact is that the trend of employment in Canada was steadily downward from the time that Mr. Bennett assumed office until May of this year. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics index numbers of employment, covering about half of Canada's wage-earners and a wide range of industries, and relative to a base figure of 100 for 1926, run as follows for the last eleven months:

July, 1930 118.9	Jan., 1931 101.7
Aug. 118.8	Feb. 100.7
Sept. 116.6	Mar. 100.2
Oct. 116.2	April 99.7
Nov. 112.9	May 102.2
Dec. 108.5		

The shrinkage in numbers of persons employed, as shown by these figures and confirmed by other official and non-official sources, has been alarming. Between July of 1930 and April of this year it probably amounted to 300,000. In July of last year the number out of work was perhaps 250,000. So that in the nine months following his election to office Mr. Bennett and his policies, or the international depression he has discovered since last summer, or our Northern climate, or fate, or what you will, have given us 550,000 unemployed in place of 250,000! As for the moderate improvement in May, that was due to seasonal factors, which should also operate to increase the number of people at work up to July and August.

* * *

THESE are facts, surely, which are too stern for even Mr. Bennett to argue away. But he is daunted by nothing, and on June 4, endeavoured to do so, claiming that the Dominion Bureau index numbers, cited by Col. Ralston in the course of the budget debate, took no account of employment offered by new enterprises, and casting aspersions upon their reliability! We are informed, on the contrary, that the Bureau does endeavour to adjust its figures to give weight to employment in new concerns. In any event, it was a shabby trick for the Prime Minister to have disowned the work of competent statisticians in one of his own departments, even more so than it was for him, on another occasion, to have charged the press with inaccurate reports of his speeches. Granting the possibility that the Bureau's figures do not reflect an absolutely true picture of the total situation, they are the best indicators of employment that we have, and they prove beyond question that for every person afforded a job in a tariff-stimulated factory since last summer several have been thrown out of

work. Of course the decrease in employment was very largely seasonal and would have occurred irrespective of any tariff policy. Nevertheless, it stamps Mr. Bennett's tariff claims as ridiculous. In the face of these circumstances it can scarcely be expected that intelligent workingmen will look with enthusiasm on the new tariff increases.

INCOME TAX CHANGES

IT IS hard to find any good sense in Mr. Bennett's proposed changes in the Income Tax. Equity, economic principles, and even political expediency have been totally neglected. No explanation for the reduced rates on large incomes has been given. No doubt three arguments will be trotted out to justify these changes. First: that it will increase the supply of capital available for industry. But how can industry want or use capital when it already finds itself overcapitalized, and wants buyers, not lenders? Second: it will be objected that capital will be less likely to leave the country under a rate of 25% than under one of 40%. But there is big money to be saved even under the lower rate. Third: It will be objected that the proletariat and the farmers are not bearing their fair share of taxes. This, in spite of the heavy and now increased burden of customs, excise, sales, and local taxes which is borne by the masses, and that heavy taxation should be levied on the large surpluses. The proposal to exempt the income from Canadian securities is a nice present for the well-to-do stockholders with incomes of from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year. It should encourage them to hold more dividend-paying Canadian stocks, but just how this is going to afford any direct encouragement to new industries, is not very clear. That it may reduce the domestic demand for government securities, and force our governments to incur larger gold obligations abroad at higher rates, seems likely. It is a safe guess, that the Prime Minister's uncalled for presents to the wealthy, combined with greater burdens on the poor, will do more to invite dissension, sabotage, and violence than all the revolutionary propaganda of the last generation. Apart from minor administrative reforms, the abolition of the 20% discount from the personal tax, combined with the existing increase in the corporation tax from 8% to 10%, would have been a fiscally and socially acceptable measure in the present emergency.

PROTECTION BY IGNORANCE

MR. BENNETT'S rampant policy of protection reached the ultimate bounds of absurdity with the almost prohibitive duty against American magazines proposed in the budget. At first glance this looked like a magnificent gesture in favour of Canadian publishers. But most of the publishers are far from happy about it, and have begun to foresee consequences which may be distinctly unfavourable. And on closer examination, it is clear that the desire to exclude American magazines arose, not because of their reading matter, but because of the advertise-

ments they contain. In other words, Canadian manufacturers are not only to enjoy the protection of an insurmountable tariff wall; they are also to have their buying public rigidly enclosed by barriers of compulsory ignorance. They are not merely to be freed from outside competition; they are even to be protected from odious comparisons. It is perhaps Mr. Bennett's way out of one of the dilemmas into which he habitually rushes so heedlessly. He had evolved and propagated the unique theory that tariff could be imposed without cost to the consumer. That theory, in the face of inevitable facts, is becoming more and more untenable. Since it cannot be maintained under existing conditions, the logical step is to prevent the consumer from becoming too acutely aware of the fact. Hence the blow at advertising mediums from the south. The consumer will not habitually be confronted with the fact that ordinary products are from thirty to fifty per cent. cheaper across the line; he will not be moved to calculate how far the increased value of the dollar is being offset by tariffs on everything; he will be content with a dearer and inferior article, and bless Mr. Bennett because it is Made in Canada. And so perhaps he will—but only in the unlikely case of his naivety being equal to Mr. Bennett's own.

WHEAT MARKETING

THE STAMP COMMISSION, as was expected, has found that the practice of hedging in the grain trade tends, by spreading the risks of the traders, to get a better price for the grower. And it must be admitted that the farmer critics of Grain Exchange methods were not very impressive or effective on the witness stand. The recommendation of the Commission in favour of some kind of official overseer being placed in the Exchange by the government sounds a little like sending a white-gloved policeman with a whistle into the jungle to exercise traffic control. Is he to have a gun? But, at any rate, Mr. Bennett has no doubt got what he sought from the appointment of the Commission. He has now a convenient excuse for refusing all demands that the government set up a Wheat Board to market the 1931 crop. One of the greatest economic experts in the Empire has found that present marketing methods work better than any suggested alternatives. Why then interfere by setting up some government Board which is likely to jam the machinery? Let the farmers be content with the five cent piece that he has promised them, even though analysis of his bonus scheme shows that the five cents is likely to disappear into several other pockets rather than the farmer's. A little masterly inactivity on the part of Mr. Bennett and the Wheat Pools may go on the rocks. Probably the interests which are closest to Mr. Bennett would not be very sorry to see the Pools smash up. But no one who knows what a difference the Pool movement has made in the social atmosphere of the Prairies can view this prospect with anything but dismay.

THE RUSSIAN TRADE EMBARGO

THE most brilliant performance in Parliament so far this session has undoubtedly been the speech delivered by Mr. Bourassa on May 27 on our Russian trade policy. The general question which he raised of the tendency of governments of both parties to embark on far-reaching policies in the handling of our external relations without consulting Parliament is one which is becoming of increasing importance. No one who has listened to the rather academic debates on external affairs which take place once or twice each session will need to be told that the boldness of our governments in this matter is due to the persistent lack of interest in foreign affairs shown by the ordinary members of the House, and to their abysmal and cheerful ignorance about the whole subject. In this, as in so many other fields, the only private members who take their duties seriously are those of the Western independent groups. On the special subject of the Russian trade embargo, which was adopted with such moral unction this spring, Mr. Bourassa's devastating analysis left the government without a leg to stand on. 'The capitalistic system upon which rests the whole policy of North America is just as antagonistic to the principles of Christianity, to social justice, and to British tradition as is the communistic system which prevails in Russia. . . We do not want to sup or dine with the devil so far as coal is concerned because it may hurt Senator Webster's trade. We do not want to take Russian pulpwood because it may endanger the special stocks of Sir Herbert Holt. But to sell our wheat we are prepared to dine, sup and take the last cup with those devils, with very short spoons, and even to drink from the same glass with them, as Mr. Ferguson has done this week'. The courage of Mr. Bourassa in challenging the sinister alliance between organized religion and organized business in his own province deserves high commendation.

NATURE'S BALANCE

ELSEWHERE in this issue appears an article on certain aspects of the problem of preserving our wild life. One point raised by the author—the variety and number of people with pet theories of conservation—must have occurred to many and is of very present importance. A wise policy of protection is urgently needed, but an ignorant meddling with what remains of nature's balance may well do more harm than the careless destruction of the past. Unfortunately, to judge by items in the daily press, there seem to be hundreds of uninformed persons ready to demand immediate and drastic action against inoffensive, beautiful, or even necessary species. Not so long ago we heard of an angler who demanded the extirpation of the great blue heron because he heard that it ate fish, and recently a correspondent in a daily paper voiced the most bloodthirsty sentiments against the 'sea-gull' for the same reason. When such hasty imbeciles as these have as much influence with our sensitive

politicians as the best-informed, it is no wonder that we have blundered in the past over a problem before which even experts walk softly. Protection is a growing necessity, but it must be placed only in the hands of the most experienced and broad-minded men available. Mistakes may be inevitable, but the reluctance of the informed naturalist to destroy will insure us against irrevocable error, while the crank and the self-seeker will lead us to disaster.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

THE CANADIAN POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting at Ottawa this year on May 28 and 29. The papers delivered there by our University economists and political scientists on such subjects as unemployment insurance, business forecasting, gold and the price level, transportation, agriculture, Dominion-Provincial relations, threw much more light on some of our vital national problems than the discussions which were going on at the same time on Parliament Hill. But the Press Gallery reporters, with their sure understanding of what their readers want, ignored the meetings altogether and devoted their energies as usual to the clowning of Pouliot and the braying of Hackett. The only members of parliament who attended the meetings were, as might be expected, the Western independents. Mr. Bennett entertained the members of the Association at lunch and professed to be profoundly touched at the spectacle of so many young men devoting themselves to the study of public affairs. Let us hope that he finds time to read and ponder upon some of the young men's papers. These papers delivered at the two days' meetings are eventually published in a volume of proceedings, and can be obtained from the treasurer of the Association at Queen's University, Kingston, for the sum of two dollars. Anyone who wants to carry his study of our national problems beyond the clap-trap of our daily press will find the annual proceedings of the Political Science Association indispensable.

WEST COAST INDIAN ART

MANY years ago, before the white man brought his devastating influence upon them, the Indians of the coast of British Columbia had a peculiarly significant form of art, quite unrelated to that of the Indians of the plains and eastern Canada. The expression took the form of various crafts, notably engraving on silver, basket weaving, and carving and painting totem poles, masks, strange-looking ladles and tureens, and other household articles. The dollar brought its inevitable curse. What young Indian would toil for long hours fashioning a totem when he might be making good wages in a canning factory? Who would give meticulous care to the engraving of a silver bangle when the indiscriminating tourist would pay just as much for a piece of inferior workmanship? A few old men stayed true to their craft, but when they died no pupils stepped into their place. Basket making

was profitable, and was, besides, a craft rather than an art, and so it has survived. But the totem pole became faded and leaned askew; there was no more need for war masks; and dishes and spoons might be bought cheaply. Just as it seemed inevitable that this form of art expression would be entirely lost, or be preserved simply as museum pieces, came its renaissance. . . one might almost say its apotheosis. . . by means of the very race that caused its decay. Artists saw the possibilities of the design motifs that had been developed in the crafts, and found a means to give them a new life.

* * *

LANGDON KIHNS work showed startlingly the decorative effects of totem poles and Indian headgear, and has been well known for some years. Miss Emily Carr has lately drawn the attention of art critics to her interpretation of Pacific coast Indian art. A few years ago there was almost a stampede of artists from the east to paint totem poles. The Vancouver School of Decorative and Applied Art was quick to see the suitability of using themes that were of the very soil and history of the province. There one may see the Thunder Bird and the Killer Whale developed in forceful designs for embroidery and weaving. Indian legends have been used in composition exercises and even in large murals. If this were all, one might say that having destroyed the Indian's sense of the value of his own art, we were now exploiting that very art, but there is another and a better phase. In the Indian schools the children are being taught to draw, and to draw remarkably well. They show an especial aptitude for design founded on the old legendary art of their forefathers. To them the strange figures of the Thunder Bird, the Killer Whale, and other peculiar creatures are fraught with meaning, whereas for white artists the use of these subjects can be nothing more than a form of artistic affectation. Alert Bay, Squamish, and Coqualeetza Indian schools are training pupils that may astonish us yet. The day will come when a dark-skinned young artist with some such name as Azak will have a picture hung in the Royal Canadian Academy, and lead the way for others of his race.



THE DRESSMAKERS' STRIKE

By I. M. BISS

EMployees in about seventy dressmaking establishments in Toronto ceased work on February 25, 1931, the demand of the union, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, for an agreement with the Dressmaking manufacturers' association having been refused. Thus did the *Labour Gazette* announce the beginning of the dispute in the clothing trade in Toronto that was not finally settled until May the eighth, two and a half months later when most of the firms concerned in the dispute signed the Union agreement. Between 1,500 and 2,000 workers were involved in this strike, which affected the smaller shops—the clothing trade. The few large shops with from 50 to 100 or more workers did not come out, nor did the shops employing mostly gentile help.

A group of women's organizations in the city* became interested in the strike, as a matter which particularly concerned women. They experienced great difficulty in getting exact and comprehensive information as to conditions in the trade and therefore decided to make a study of the situation themselves. After much discussion with Union officials, officials of the Manufacturers' Association, and others concerned in the matter, eighty-five strikers were interviewed. They were chosen at random and represented thirty-two different shops, all the processes incidental to dressmaking, and both sexes. The thirty-five employers of strikers who had not settled with the union when the inquiry was started were also interviewed. At the end the investigators found that they were still unable to draw up clear-cut and reliable general statements as to wages, hours and other conditions in the trade. Every individual case seemed to differ from every other, and the information obtained from the conflicting parties was in many cases completely irreconcilable. Despite the lack of exact statistics, certain general features of the situation have been revealed by the study which seem worthy of note as important factors in the issues raised by the dispute.

The strikers' demands were for higher wages; a limitation of hours; determination of wages and hours on the basis of the Union agreement, and their adjustment by a shop committee, with final resort to arbitration in cases of dispute; recognition of the right of the Union to fill vacant positions and to approve all dismissals; and, most important of all, recognition of the Union, and the principle of collective bargaining. In the conflict as to the level of wages, the weight

of argument was fairly evenly divided. The strikers demanded a rise of from 10% to 15% on the pre-strike rates, as a first step toward the realization of the Union minimum of \$37.50 for a 44 hour week for Cutters and Operators, \$22 for drapers, \$18 for finishers and \$44 for pressers. So far as could be judged from a comparison of the very diverse figures given by the strikers and by the employers, the wages which the striking cutters, the male operators, the finishers and pressers had been receiving were slightly lower on the whole than the samples given by the Department of Labour of the city trade during 1930 in its annual bulletin on wages and hours in Canada.

The female operators' wages were closely comparable to those samples. Only the exceptionally high wages gave an annual income on a basis of 52 weeks' work in the year approximating to the minimum income of health and decency of a family of five published in 1929 by the House of Commons Committee on Industrial and International Relations.* This minimum is \$1,775.00. The lowest wages touched the minimum of \$12.50 a week for the single girl, and in some cases, fell below it. When the extremely seasonal character of the trade is taken into account, and allowance is made for the fact that it is rare for a dressmaker to have more than 30—38 weeks' work in the year, the annual income and weekly average is reduced to a still lower figure,—one which seemed to the investigators to give just cause for complaint. The sense of grievance was heightened by widespread wage reduction shortly before the strike. One operator stated that—'Last year the price for no dress was less than \$1—this year not one is over \$1'—while a second said—'Dresses are fussier this year and take longer to make.' The employers replied, with justice, that the reductions are the inevitable result of depression. The workers themselves were complaining of slack work this season. Far from being able to raise wages, they could scarcely afford to continue business at the existing rates, particularly in view of competition from Montreal, with its relatively cheap, unorganized labour, and from New York where a huge market allows reduction of costs through the application of mass methods. Moreover, they complained, the strike involved unfair discrimination, as it did not cover the entire trade. With competitors still paying non-Union rates, how could they accept the Union terms? As employers, they seemed for the most part genuinely anxious to give their workers good conditions, but as one remarked—'We cannot afford to be philanthropists; if we try, we do not stay long in business.' To a great extent, they as well as employees, are victims of causes over which they have no control.

*In 1929 prices were, of course, somewhat higher than they are now.

*The organizations concerned were: the Young Women's Christian Association, both Local and National branches; the Local Council of Women; the University Women's Club; the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; and the Big Sister Association. It was only through the generous cooperation of the Manufacturers' Association and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union that the inquiry was possible at all.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the wage situation from the point of view of manufacturers and workers is the extreme variety which prevails. Differences in skill, experience, and the amount of work available, explain some divergences, especially in the case of the pieceworkers who are paid according to the number of dresses they actually make. Even so, there is a noticeable lack of any unit or standard for the trade as a whole. Some employers complained of the unfair competition of rivals who cut costs by reducing working conditions to a level bordering on sweating. One of the big problems which faces the industry is the task of scaling up the wages of individuals and groups, such as the finishers and contract workers whose earnings fall below a reasonable level. Possibly the trade union, if it obtains control of the whole trade, may be a means of remedying this situation.

The second point at issue was that of hours. The Union demanded that the 44-hour week, the eight-hour day, with the half day on Saturday customary in the trade, should be accepted as the standard, with overtime limited to ten hours a week and two and a half hours a day, with none at all on Saturday or Sunday.

This meant a radical departure from pre-strike practice. Owing to the seasonal fluctuations in the trade, for some months in the year the workers were either entirely unemployed or else so fortunate as to obtain from half-an-hour to three hours work a day. During the rush they were tired out with the long hours. Nearly two-thirds of the strikers interviewed stated that they had worked 12 hours or more a day at some period during the busy season. Even longer hours were reported in a considerable number of cases, mostly those of men, though some finishers seemed to work very late. To work until 10, later on weekdays; work on Saturday afternoons was sometimes added and in 11 cases, work on Sunday as well. These data are taken from the strikers' reports. The employers denied Sunday work and work late at night. The long hours were the cause of strenuous complaint among the strikers, who seemed to suffer from real exhaustion as a result. Again the manufacturers had a reasonable retort. Since traders will wait until the last moment before laying in stock, when the latest fashions are determined, and since ladies will buy their frocks all at the same time, the demand for clothes fluctuates violently. It is therefore impossible to keep the demand steady for dressmakers' services. Since there is inevitably slack time, the workers themselves are anxious for overtime, which is considered a privilege. The employer is begged not to hire extra workers to help during the rush. The workers want the pay—only, the strikers add, because rates are so low, and work so slack at other times of the year.

A still more poignant grievance than the low level of wages and the length of the hours required, is their uncertainty and irregularity. So far as wages are concerned, the pieceworkers are the chief sufferers. Styles change constantly, and

only a few frocks of the same type can be absorbed by one limited market. Therefore prices for new jobs are constantly being fixed and it is naturally usually the employer who has the deciding voice. Arbitrary wage reductions were another sore point. In some cases the workers, according to their report at least, did not know what rate they were making until they got their pay envelope at the end of the week. The Union desired to establish collective bargaining as the basis for standard wages, piece-rates to be decided by a shop committee with appeal to the Union, all grievances to come to the attention of the visiting Union official. The same problem appeared in the case of hours. The employers pointed out that piece workers were free to go and come when they wished. On the other hand, the majority of the workers did not know until evening whether or not they would have to work overtime, and the compulsion to stay, with the possible loss of a job in view, was quite effective if not always explicit. Sometimes work was very irregular, and the finishers and pressers especially might sit around all day waiting for work, and then have to stay late to complete a consignment for mailing the same evening. There were also complaints as to favouritism in the allotment of work. The Union machinery was demanded by the strikers as a check on such abuses. Also they demanded that no overtime should be allowed so long as there were unemployed unionists available, and that in slack time the Union should supervise the distribution of what work there is. Naturally such control is opposed by the employers who see threatened not only their authority in their own factories but also their profits if the chance of taking rush orders is denied them. Such considerations possibly weigh too heavily. In some of the firms studied, there seems to be a much greater degree of regularity and standardization than in others. Why should this not be extended by more effective, even if necessary, more costly management?

The dispute over 'hiring and firing' was most bitter of all. The Union claimed the right both to send workers to fill all vacancies in the shops, a week's trial being allowed the employers, and to control the dismissals. The strikers' statement brought out clearly their sense of insecurity. At any moment they might be, and were, dismissed, for any cause or no cause at the whim of their employer. Cases were reported of dismissal because of Union sympathies, refusal to work overtime, or even absence on account of sickness. The suggestion of Union control strikes at the very root of employers' authority and was the basis of the unyielding opposition to unionism. 'If I can't choose my workers, how can I carry on? I don't want the sort of people in my shop that the Union will send over,—troublemakers and incompetents.' That the fear is a reasonable one can scarcely be denied. Especially in view of the present hostility between the employers and the Union. The last point at issue, the keystone of the agreement, is the recognition of the Union. Sporadic attempts at unionization, including one

Communist endeavour, have been made in the past. During the strike about two-thirds of the dressmakers in the city showed themselves to be intent on organization. Recognition of the Union and acceptance of the principle of collective bargaining by the employers who have signed the agreement, means that only unionists will be employed, that the Union official will have right of access to the shop at any time, and that the Union agreement will be maintained, departures from it or disputes under it being settled through the machinery of the Union. To the employer this seems to mean the final sacrifice of power to a meddling outsider. To the worker,—if the Union is efficient—that basic measure of security and strength without which his working life has been a torment to him.

The dispute was characterized by the most complete misunderstanding between the employers and the strikers; a profound ignorance, real or assumed, of the case on the other side; and an all too apparent distrust and hostility. Whether collective bargaining and the habit of conference will lead to a better understanding and peace in the industry remains to be seen. At least it brings the opportunity of harmony, not on a basis of personal relations between the good master and his servant, but on a basis of organized cooperation between equals. The industry has been notable for its unstandardized character and for its irregularity. How far will unionization remedy this situation? Here again it brings an opportunity, at least for the elimination of competitive economy in working conditions, and perhaps also a stimulus to a type of management that will establish standards and eliminate irregularities, many of which are more habitual than unavoidable.

Beyond the reach of employers and of Union officials lies a further problem, the irregular demand of the merchant, and behind that again that of the consumer, who by her insistence on the latest fashion is responsible for the twin evils of unemployment and overtime. As the final inescapable problem in the background of the strike lies the depression and the whole system of industrial organization.

TRANSIENTS

Beauty is a transient thing
Year rimmed in women
Week caged in flowers
Day fettered in moths.

Yet it persists
Ageless and old
Springing into life
Meeting with swift death
In myriad forms and colours

And man,
Groping and stumbling
Through the carnal years
Worships this thing
As transient as himself.

BERTRAM A. CHAMBERS



TWENTY years ago, says Mr. Norman Thomas, 'it was not uncommon to hear men say: "This is the best of possible worlds." And they emphasized *best*. Now they say the same words but they emphasize *possible*.' Here are three books* which challenge even this qualified defence of our present capitalistic system. Perhaps to most people in their present mood of depression and resentment no such challenge is necessary. For the headlines in our newspapers are every day making the pontifical reassurances of our business leaders that 'conditions in this country are fundamentally sound' seem more and more like a hideous joke. At any rate readers whose nerves are on edge with rich men's budgets and Beauharnois scandals and Canada Power and Paper reorganizations may turn with some relief to these three more general discussions of our present business men's civilization. Mr. Stuart Chase, whose books on *Waste* and on *Men and Machines* have been widely quoted in the last few years, has collected some of his recent magazine articles on the same subjects into *The Nemesis of American Business*. Mr. Norman Thomas, the leader of the socialist party in the United States, attempts in *America's Way Out* a restatement of the case for socialism on this continent in the light of post-war conditions. Mr. R. H. Tawney, the chief philosopher of the Labour movement in Britain, presents in his lectures on *Equality* a striking analysis of what he believes to be the underlying defect in English social and economic institutions and suggests a way out for his country.

* * *

MR. CHASE'S essays give a series of brilliant pictures of the chaos and waste which is characteristic of our system of uncoordinated private enterprise and which leads to the nemesis of unemployment. He is fond of looking to the engineer as the saviour of society and suggests that what we need is not Plato's philosopher kings but something more modern, philosopher engineers. As to that, one can only say that it seems to be about as wildly fantastic to expect philosophers from the kind of engineering schools which flourish in our modern universities as it would be to expect them from our faculties of commerce and finance. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Tawney are more systematic and more searching in their analyses. What they both attempt, in the different idiom of the two sides of the Atlantic, is a restatement of the democratic ideal in the light of contemporary conditions.

*THE NEMESIS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS, by Stuart Chase (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 191; \$2.00).

AMERICA'S WAY OUT, by Norman Thomas (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 324; \$2.50).

EQUALITY, by R. H. Tawney (Allen & Unwin; pp. 303; 7/6).

Mr. Thomas considers both communism and 'the new capitalism' as solutions for America's problems and rejects them both because what he is seeking, in the language of his sub-title, is 'a programme for democracy'. Communism, with its philosophy of dictatorship and class war; and capitalism, with its increasing concentration of irresponsible power and its inherent tendency to international war, are both denials of the democratic faith. 'Even in its imperfect form democracy presents a noble conception of the worth and dignity of men. There is still a magnificent challenge in the democratic theory at its best: the theory that the good life is for all men, that there must be equality of opportunity, that the world in which we live and work together should be managed as a fellowship'. The discussion of how an organized socialist party may contribute to the realization of this ideal takes up the bulk of his book. It must appeal to the exploited masses of workers, but we must also remember that almost all the progress in socialization hitherto has been in the interest of consumers—cooperatives, public ownership, education, state medicine, etc.—and, while it is easier to organize self-conscious workers than self-conscious consumers, the appeal must be made to both. For North America the question is not one of individualism versus collectivism but what sort of collectivism we are to have and for whose benefit it is to operate.

Mr. Tawney's book is the most stimulating and searching of the three. He has always been distinguished among economists because of his preoccupation with human values and this work is a worthy successor to his *Acquisitive Society and Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. His thesis is that the remedies ordinarily proposed for Britain's economic woes, i.e., the various forms of business reorganization and rationalization, do not go deep enough. What is fundamentally wrong with the country is its social philosophy, its 'religion of inequality'. 'Here are these people who, more than any other nation, need a common culture, for, more than any other, they depend on an economic system which at every turn involves mutual understanding and continuous cooperation. . . They spend their energies in making it impossible, in behaving like the public school boys of the universe. *Das Gentlemanideal* has them by the throat; they frisk politely into obsolescence on the playing fields of Eton.' After analyzing the historical reasons which have led to this class division in England, he proceeds to 'the strategy of equality.' It is to be brought about not by a crude distribution of the national income among the forty million inhabitants but by an extension of the social services so that ultimately Britain may become a community that stresses lightly the differences of wealth and birth and establishes on a firm foundation those institutions which meet common needs and are a source of common enlightenment and enjoyment. The dilemma which suggests that the nation must choose between starving its industries of capital and starving its citizens of health and education is an unreal one. 'The manufacturer or mine-

owner, whose establishment is staffed with workers who, after being prevented from dying in infancy by the public health service, educated in public schools, and taught their craft in the municipal college of technology, are housed in buildings erected with the aid of a subsidy from the State, maintained during sickness and unemployment from funds to which it contributes, and paid their old-age pensions through the Post Office when they can no longer be useful to him, may continue to believe, with the romanticism of his kind, that his profits are created solely by his personal intelligence, initiative, thrift and foresight. But, as a mere matter of prosaic fact, the State is a partner in his enterprise, whose contribution to it is at least as important as his own. It is able to take for social purposes part of the wealth which he, as he thinks, produces, because it plays itself, through the social services, no small part in producing it.'

* * *

WHAT emerges most vividly from these books is the sense of the intolerable vulgarity of a civilization in which the profit motive is the main-spring of action and which is dominated by men whose sole claim to distinction is the keenness of their nose for money. Stuart Chase's most interesting chapter is one entitled 'The Luxury of Integrity' in which he enumerates the various types of yes-men who flourish in our present-day North America, and points out how hard it is for a citizen of the twentieth century to maintain his spiritual independence. In our own country the most serious aspect of these hard times is the danger that threatens the one promising experiment in cooperation that we have, the attempt of our Western farmers to manage their life as a fellowship. The depressing thing about Canada is not so much that the Holts and Gundys and Beauharnois gangs should succeed in collaring most of its natural resources as that most of our young men should be growing up with dreams of emulating these worthies or of becoming yes-men under them.

Is it really hopeless to look for some emancipation from this stifling atmosphere? Mr. Thomas points out quite rightly that the dreams of a social revolution in America à la Russia are purely fantastic. 'When an audience in New York cheers communist predictions of inevitable war it presents a problem in social pathology rather than a demonstration of revolutionary tactics.' Can we achieve a process of change to a new era by consent? We may as well admit frankly that most of the criticism of our business institutions and leaders which is fashionable now will disappear with the return of 'normalcy.' Mr. Tawney in his concluding chapter has a striking phrase, which idealists may well remember, about 'plaintive vegetarian bleats amid the uninterested growls of a carnivorous jungle.' Yet, as he himself adds later, the impossibilities of one generation are the platitudes of the next.

F. H. U.

TEN YEARS OF THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT

By D. G. CREIGHTON

IN the month of January, 1931, within a few days of each other, were published the Report of the Wickersham Commission on Law Enforcement and Charles Merz's book, *The Dry Decade**. Persons curious as to the progress of the noble experiment would do well to respect this peculiar coincidence and to study both publications. Against the collective wisdom of the Wickersham Commission, its colossal expense account, and its unquestioned command of the resources of the government, Charles Merz could pit only his own industry, his organizing ability and what Walter Lippmann calls his 'uncanny capacity for getting at the truth.' And yet while *The Dry Decade* rivals the judicial calm of the official publication and frequently excels its documentary and statistical evidence, it achieves, in addition, a profound study of the nature and evolution of prohibition. Together, the books have an immense impact. And they tell, moreover, essentially the same sad story and preach the same salutary moral. The Wickersham Report, it is true, concludes in a finale of sustained indecision; and Mr. Merz impartially keeps as far from the denunciations of the Sage of Baltimore as he does from dithyrambs of Clarence True Wilson. And yet despite the seemingly reticence of Mr. Merz and the evasively orthodox conclusions of the Wickersham Report, the brutal truth uncompromisingly emerges.

The truth, it seems to me, is not only that national prohibition in the United States has been, up to the time of writing, a colossal failure, but that its chances of ever becoming a success, are microscopic in the extreme. Barring the conversion of the bulk of the American population to a life devoid of sin, the Eighteenth Amendment will remain unenforced and unenforceable. The ineradicable appetites which prevent observance, the stubborn obstacles which prevail over enforcement are catalogued with patient resignation in the Report; their nature and their evolution are explained with quiet but impressive competence by Mr. Merz. Plainly, the dawn of the Dry Decade, if not actually false, was highly dubious. Nobody, of course, is inclined to doubt the fact that the principle of prohibition received, and still receives, considerable popular support. But that this popular enthusiasm was excited and cunningly exploited by pressure groups, such as the Anti-Saloon League, it is equally impossible to deny. Prohibition came at the end of a great war. It came at a moment when public opinion was notoriously affected by lofty and sentimental ideals, when centralization and administrative interference were dutifully accepted by faithful patriots, and when American beer had acquired, in some occult manner, the disrepute which was patriotically attached to its German manufacturers. Congress, wearied by endless solici-

tions, gave only a few hours' languid debate to one of the most disturbing decisions of its history. No plebiscite was held upon the question, either by the Federal Government before it proposed the Amendment, or by the states before they ratified it. Out of the twenty-seven states which before the Amendment had endeavoured to control the liquor industry, only thirteen, comprising one-seventh of the population of the country, had established bone-dry prohibition laws. Finally, the Amendment and the Volstead Act were passed by a Federal Government which had no experience in enforcing such legislation and no machinery to enforce it, which had not the slightest conception of the difficulties it would encounter, and which made no serious attempt to divide the duties of enforcement between itself and the states.

Plainly enough, as Charles Merz and the Report admit in all sadness, prohibition got off to an exceedingly bad start. In January, 1920, the Anti-Saloon League with complacent assurance wished 'every man, woman and child a Happy, Dry Year.' But all the main sources by which a thirsty and unrepentant people has consistently slaked its thirst for a decade, were discovered with regrettable promptitude at the beginning. These sources are, Mr. Merz and the Report agree, medicinal liquor, importation, diversion of industrial alcohol, and illicit brewing and distilling. From these sources, and particularly from the most notorious offender, the illicit still, the supply continued to gurggle in ever increasing volume. Congress, having escaped from the oppressive tutelage of the Anti-Saloon League, emitted a large yawn of relief. It developed, as the years passed, a laudable readiness to enforce ineffective laws by passing further legislation and, at the same time, an almost invincible disinclination to sanction effective money credits. Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, having with moral fervour invited observance by the population and cooperation by the states, were inclined resignedly to call it a day. The states, even those whose conviction survived the first flush of enthusiasm, were quite content that Washington should be left holding the bag; and, if they devoted any funds at all to enforcement, were reluctant to part with more than a few honest dollars. The Prohibition Bureau passed fairly rapidly from lyric optimism to uneasy doubt without ever escaping from chaos. It was supposed to enforce prohibition over half a continent on a shoe-string which was only lengthened to fifteen million dollars in 1930. Most of the gentlemen who occupied the uneasy post of Federal Prohibition Administrator inaugurated their terms of office by denouncing the systems of their predecessors and pitchforking their predecessors' underlings into the street. There were precisely 17,972 appointments to the federal prohibition service between 1920 and 1930; and

* THE DRY DECADE, by Charles Merz (Doubleday, Doran & Company; pp. 343; \$3.00).

precisely 13,586 dismissals. The prohibition agents, appearing all too frequently as *agents provocateurs* and brutal killers, outraged public opinion, and out of every twelve of them the Judas regularly appeared. Because effective and continuous enforcement was impossible, the Bureau was driven to a system of spectacular raids and drives, which while they did not materially lessen the supply of illicit liquor, effectively jammed the courts with prohibition offenders. Perspiring Federal Judges, gloomily watching their once respectable tribunals degenerating into police-court shambles, faced dockets two-thirds of which were prohibition cases, and were forced to the notorious expedient of 'bargain day.' And in the meantime the opposition, which in 1919 had been voiced by suspect brewers and discredited distillers, was taken up by eminently respectable Bar Associations, Women's Clubs, Citizens' Leagues, newspapers and periodicals. Where the law was liked it was observed; where it was disliked it could not be enforced. A system of local option had in reality arisen.

All this Mr. Merz sets forth with quiet candour. Despite his valiant attempt at impartiality, these are the facts that emerge. In such a sinister situation, what can be done? There is much evidence that the present statesmanlike plan of giving the drys their law and the wets their liquor equally dissatisfies both. And, as Mr. Merz shows, each of three main solutions has its disadvantages or dangers. The Eighteenth Amendment may be observed, or it may be enforced, or it may be changed, either by nullification, or revision, or repeal. Observance, which would of course solve the whole problem immediately, seems more improbable at the beginning of the second than it did at the beginning of the first decade. Despite the earnest exhortations of the President, despite the pleas, appeals, and sermons of the locally eminent, a vast number of the people flatly refuse to believe that prohibition has the slightest resemblance to other laws which they normally observe. That they will continue to believe so until they are gathered to their repose and others equally obstinate succeed them, it seems impossible to doubt. With vastly increased numbers, the Prohibition Bureau might be able to reduce importation to a minimum and to prevent any serious diversion of industrial alcohol. But what army could rout the prosperous, aggressive, and immensely ingenious distillers of illicit liquor in the three million square miles of territory of the United States? Even if the present number of enforcement agents was doubled, it would leave each agent with the modest duty of patrolling over five hundred square miles of territory. Nullification, either by deliberate non-enforcement of the law or by the repeal of the Volstead Act, has no support among the Wickersham commissioners. Despite the proven efficacy of this process in American history and its virtual existence at the moment, it is generally denounced as a long-term solution of the difficulty. Repeal of the Amendment, which is advocated in the Report by Messrs. Baker and Lemann, could be held up indefinitely

by thirteen states in the Bible Belt. 'There is as much chance of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment,' said Senator Sheppard, 'as there is for a humming bird to fly to the planet Mars with the Washington Monument tied to its tail.'

There remains revision. While Mr. Merz is studiously non-committal, five of the Wickersham Commissioners show that they favour this solution. And with Baker and Lemann they were a majority of seven to four. Why then does Part X of the Report not contain a recommendation for the immediate revision of the Amendment? Walter Lippmann, in an article in *Vanity Fair*, contends that such a recommendation did exist when the Commissioners signed the Report, and that it was subsequently and feloniously removed by some person or persons unknown. Anybody reading the Report can come upon indications which seem to point in that sinister direction; but the best clue is undoubtedly that discovered by Mr. Lippmann himself. 'I join,' wrote Judge Grubb in his separate statement, 'in all the findings of fact and in all the ultimate conclusions of the general report of the Commission (except that recommending that the Amendment be revised immediately without awaiting a further trial).' Certainly that recommendation does not exist in the Report as it was published. With equal certainty it must have been there when Judge Grubb wrote his separate statement, or otherwise he would not have expressly recorded his disapproval. In other words, if this is true, the Wickersham Commission worked for eighteen months to reach a conclusion which was promptly and surreptitiously removed. If this is true, is it not the most unsavoury of all the grotesqueries of prohibition?

VERSICLES

Entre Nous.

I should not care to meet a shark,
Particularly after dark;

I must confess that I would shun
A viper or a scorpion;

Owing, perhaps, to lack of culture
I can't appreciate a vulture,

Nor do I feel a pressing need
To make up to a centipede.

In short, though you may disagree,
To tell the truth it seems to me

That quite a number of God's creatures
Have very few redeeming features.

Philosophers.

'See,' said Spinoza, 'all that God requires
Of man is to relinquish his desires.'
'True,' replied Schopenhauer, 'beyond a doubt,
But what the Devil are you pleased about?'

G. C. HADDOW

CONSERVATION

By EWART C. CROSS

IT needs to be said bluntly that the white man is responsible for the depletion of our wild life.

When he first set foot in Canada, beast, bird, and fish were incredibly abundant. The Indian population was small, and its needs fitted into the normal balance of animal cycles. Early French explorers commented with amazement on the teeming life of forest and stream, but three hundred years of white-man's rule has changed all that—by deliberate slaughter, by inciting the Indians to greater kills, and by taking for their own uses the haunts of the animals.

First came the fur trade. With the rewards, guns, and traps offered by the whites, the Indian's kill increased enormously; white traders and trappers penetrated farther and farther into the hinterland; and the slaughter gained momentum year by year. When settlement began, the settlers hunted, trapped, fished, and in general 'lived off the country.' They even, as in Pennsylvania, carried out great drives, literally exterminating everything in sight. But the settlers' greatest injury to wild life consisted simply in taking the land. All animals are dependent, directly or indirectly, on vegetation. The areas of richest plant growth, from time immemorial the great reservoirs of animal life, were monopolized by man, and their original inhabitants disappeared.

The final stage, industrialization, has now arrived. Forests are cut, mining camps established in the wilderness, streams dammed, lowlands flooded, marshes drained. Railroads and motor roads spread across the country, while the aeroplane is opening the most inaccessible districts. All this may be necessary for the paramount animal man; it is certainly a movement impossible to stay. But it spells death to other animals as surely as if by gun, trap, or net.

These are the agencies which have depleted our wild life, and which will continue to do so unless measures are taken towards active conservation. In addition, there is the mercenary exploitation of killing. Hunter, fisherman, and trapper (varieties commercial and sporting) form the spearhead of destruction, but they are by no means the whole weapon. Hotels and resorts, the railways, and sporting-supply firms devote a vast amount of publicity to sport. 'Out-of-door' magazines feature articles and stories of successful kills and efficient methods of slaughter. Even the provincial governments invite tourists to Canada to help us get rid of our fish and game. The Province of Ontario, for instance, publishes photographs of individuals proudly displaying great strings of fish—revolting examples of mass killing with which a decent man should be ashamed to be seen. I quote below from a specimen of the gentlemen to whom we are thus catering:—

I fired the second [barrel] at his flank . . . he kept on running around in a circle about 8 feet in diameter with one leg broken and a large patch of blood on his side

where the shot had struck. . . . I had to kill him with a stick much to the amusement of my companions who . . . sat on a fence and laughed. . . . (*Rod and Gun in Canada*, January, 1917, p. 469).

Man may outgrow his primitive lust to kill, but it will outlive our wild life if our most active propagandists are not controlled. For it must be admitted that our so-called conservation policies of the past have been based on a policy of killing, policies arrived at when depletion became so serious as to induce a conviction that the 'other fellow' had to be restricted. That these restrictions have in great measure been futile is largely owing to the fact that they were born too late. This is no surprising matter when it is remembered that their formulation and administration have been in the hands of the various provincial governments—hands that are swayed by an electorate of which the most loudly and continuously vocal individuals and organizations have been those interested in killing.

The administration of wild-life resources has been neither better nor worse than other government activities. While it may not have been all that was needed, it has certainly been all that was deserved. Those who spoke first received, and much of the talk and action on this subject has been the veriest drivel, loaded with propaganda, prejudice, and selfishness. There is the conservation policy of the hunter, the trapper, the fisherman (commercial and sporting), of the man operating a sanctuary, and fifty-seven other varieties, each with different aims and a different panacea, but all blood brethren in their basic self-interest.

One unpalatable, stubborn fact must be stated bluntly: hunting, fishing, and trapping are inimical to the preservation of wild life. To preserve, to maintain—that is conservation, and killing is its antithesis. If we are to preserve the remnant of our wild life remaining, one thing is absolutely essential, one thing heretofore ignored. The conservation policies of the future must be formulated and administered in the interests of bird, beast, and fish, not in those of man. We can preserve our wild life or exploit it. We cannot do both.

While at the present time it is neither possible nor advisable to prohibit killing, it is imperative that it be restricted to the surplus population. Under no circumstances must further inroads on capital stock be permitted. To determine the limits of killing and to formulate the consequent policy is not a simple matter. It demands an extensive programme of research by trained biologists and involves many problems. Surveys of the present animal populations and their rates of increase; studies of environmental relationships; studies of food and food supplies; research into animal cycles and their causes; studies of diseases and parasites; studies of the interlocking relationships of all animal life, from mice and shrews to

moose and wolves: in general, an accurate knowledge of the life and works of all forms threatened with depletion is an urgent necessity.

The universities, the museums, and some of the provincial game departments have qualified men available. A considerable amount of work has been directed toward the problem of the fishes, but the conservation of mammals and birds in Canada is still in the guessing and rule of thumb stage. This condition must be rectified. To continue the blind navigation of the past will be disastrous. The findings of these researches must be crystallized into legislation, and the administration of these regulations must be in the hands of a body free from political interference. Only in such a programme is there hope for our wild life.

Successful conservation will depend on those interested in the animal for its own sake. Continue the apathy of the past, leave the fate of wild life in the hands of those interested in killing, and that fate is dismayingly certain. Those forms pursued by man for pleasure or profit will go the way of the passenger pigeon, the Labrador duck, and the pronghorn antelope. Frankly, there is no precedent to suppose that, of his own volition, the market hunter or the trapper will alter the ancient code of 'first come, first served' and 'devil take the hindmost.' Nor is there anything in the sportsman's history to make one suppose that he will voluntarily stop taking his 150 ducks per season and his 20 trout per day as long as ducks and trout remain. Much more probably he will go ahead indulging his simple, primitive lust to kill. The consequent depletion he will be naively astonished to behold. And he will ingeniously explain then, as he does now, by blaming the inroads of predatory mammals, the depredations of the Indian, the climate, of disease, of fire, flood, and act of God.

And until that day, no doubt, you will find men rendering lip service to this thing called Conservation. Also you will find men who are honest conservationists and then, as now, they will have some such code as this from *Fins, Feathers and Fur*:—

Be content to see migratory fowl resting on our waters or pursuing their journeyings without wanting to shoot and kill.

Look upon fur-bearing animals in their natural habitat without coveting the money their hides would bring in the open market.

Behold a forest without a mental calculation as to what it would mean to your pocket if reduced to timber.

Consider a lake or stream without wanting to drain it and destroy it for the few tillable acres.

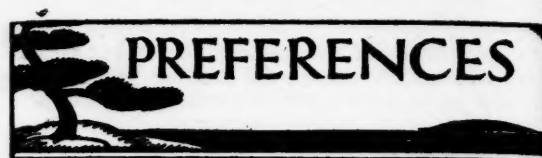
Permit fish to inhabit the waters without the primal urge to yank them out, hear them sizzle in the skillet and gorge on food you probably do not need.

Gaze with pleasure upon the beauty of flowers without the ruthless impulse to gather them and cause their disappearance.

There is but one way to conserve.

That is to quit destroying.

Will subscribers kindly notify us of any change in address.



IN compiling *Passages from Arabia Deserta* for Jonathan Cape's 'Life and Letters Series,'

Edward Garnett tells us that his object is that for every old reader of these pages there shall be five new ones. This is, after all, not an immoderate expectation. The book only costs a dollar-and-a-half; it is of the modern light-weight variety which can be read lying down (if, indeed, it is possible to read Doughty lying down); for the first time in its half-century of history there comes the opportunity of making the acquaintance of this famous work without facing the double handicap of a high price to the pocket and a heavy volume in the hand. The original edition cost three guineas in 1888, which is the equivalent, I would guess, of about fifty dollars now; for years it was out of print and not to be had for love or money. And the cheaper editions, whether abridged or complete, were neither very cheap nor very handy.

Compared with them, the *Passages* are a bargain. What they offer is really more than passages, they offer a shorter abridgment of the whole, touching all the main incidents and comprising about a quarter of the complete text. Those who are still unfamiliar with *Arabia Deserta* can no longer plead that it is inaccessible.

But what fools literary critics are! Here is a book which alike for the ripeness of its humanity and the splendour of its prose makes mince-meat of all its contemporaries. Yet it was touch-and-go whether it would be published at all. The style, said publishers' readers and university professors, was intolerable. When Doughty told them of the singing of a little song-bird in the wilderness, saying 'There is here but a small black solitary bird of slender form, less than a thrush, with certain white feathers, the *sweydia*, which is, as our little red-breast, a cheerful neighbour to mankind. Many a time the passenger hears at unawares her short descant ringing upon the waste moors, in perplexed desert ways, in the awe and the Titanic ruins of desolate mountains, with a silver sweetness, as it were the voice to his soul of some benign spirit,' they demurred. The Old Queen, they said, would not have put it that way. They probably thought he was posing, though when Tennyson opened his mouth and said 'Airy, fairy Lilian' for no reason at all, they felt themselves to be in the best of all possible worlds.

If he told them of the Arabian geology and wrote 'When we were come upon the main lava-field above, it seemed like nothing so much as an immeasurable cow-shard,' they said 'Tut-tut.' It was probably at such moments that they felt the need of a little revision—or did they call it spade-work?—by some practised hand. Doubtless they also disliked the table-manners of the Arabs, for these were unknown at Balmoral—'Where men

come in, there the festival dish is set down to them of sopped flatbread sweetened; a swarm of human flies fall to their knees about it, at the instant; and lifting their right hands full, in hot haste to the mouth—once, twice, thrice—and the bare metal appeared.' And we can be sure that his picture of the Semites as 'like to a man sitting in a cloaca to the eyes, and whose brows touch heaven' must have been very distressing to them. And so on a thousand and one times. It was a bad business.

Unfortunately we have no details. All we know is that the book did finally get printed as the work of an incurable crank who happened to have blundered into Arabia and brought home valuable information. That it was a supreme masterpiece seems to have crossed nobody's mind. Yet, now, any schoolboy can see with half an eye—even from these scanty sentences—that here is a great voice speaking in its true and proper accents. Today it is all as plain as a pike-staff; forty years ago it was wholly indiscernible. How did the change come?

Alas, we know nothing about it. We can satisfy ourselves that it was twenty years before anyone had the required combination of courage and insight to say that this way of writing was good and also that it was most of another twenty years before the individual voices blended into something like a chorus. But that doesn't help. To say that Time does it is to dodge the issue. After all, Time does nothing of itself; it is just spiritual elbow-room, continuous opportunity, or something of that sort. And to say that men were fools then and now are wise is an explanation flattering to ourselves but unlikely to be endorsed by the next generation.

Yet if we are to get any light on this never-answered question—the question of the inner process of literary judgment—here is as good a case to work on as we can well hope for. True, we cannot expect to recover all the unprinted and sequestered conversations which were contributory to the judgment, but even here something could be gleaned, for the whole affair has happened within living memory and many of those who were early in the game are still alive. And there are other obvious advantages. The initial judgments were so palpably wrong; the present judgment, it seems to be agreed, so palpably right. It is a modern work, yet so remote from the fashions and the coteries of today and yesterday that it stands away from us and faces us down a long vista. The printed records must be as good as intact, while the formation of the judgment has proceeded so deliberately that we can almost see it grow.

It is a rare opportunity. If someone would collect every scrap of documented opinion and supplement it from the memories of living people, he might bring together a body of data the like of which, for completeness and clearness of evidence, we should not readily obtain a second time for any literary work of similar importance.

Of course he might not demonstrate anything. But he might give strong support to a sound

conjecture. He might do a classical job in its kind, performing for the process of criticism something comparable with what J. L. Lowes in his Coleridge book did for the process of creation. He might illuminate if he could not prove. He might at least destroy a few shibboleths. For instance, he might make it harder in future for people to say that we must lay our hands in our laps and wait and the verdict will come; or that it is all a matter of a general ballot or plebiscite which it takes a little while to collect. Certainly neither of these notions finds any support in the story of *Arabia Deserta*; its reputation did not come passively, nor was there any comprehensive vote on it. It is still an unread book, as we understand the term, yet nothing in the last fifty years stands in such undisputed eminence.

What I think he would find would be twofold—that the judging of literature—or art, for that matter—is done by those who act, not by those who wait; and also that the number of these is not large. In my belief the real history of literature—by which I mean the picking out and emphasizing of the writers that count—has been built up by a very small minority, enthusiasts, solitaires, adventurers, and suchlike, who successively corroborated each other and imposed their will on the dull majority. I can't argue this to a finish, but I can't help believing it provisionally. And I am quite certain that academies, universities, and learned societies generally, contribute next to nothing. They have a very sheepish record and I fear they always will.

Mr. Garnett, who more than anyone in our time has practised the art of firsthand judgment—the midwifery of criticism, so to speak—makes short shrift of us all, old and young, when it comes to Doughty. For while he refers in up-sparing terms to the 'eminent professors' and the 'pontifically minded ones' who failed to appreciate the first-fruits of Doughty he adds 'And lest the younger generation, today, exclaims "Out on those Victorians, how superior are we in discernment to them," let me remind them that for sublimity there is no poem in the English language to equal Doughty's *Adam Cast Forth* (1908) and that his great epic *The Dawn in Britain*, which resembles a vast mountain range in its wild austere force, and contains many episodes and descriptions of the tenderest beauty, has been as entirely neglected by our young "intellectuals" as *Arabia Deserta* was neglected by the men of his own generation.'

You notice the implication. We are just as idiotic as those bearded Victorians and Gillette blades will not save us. Only—the generation which will see us so is still in the cradle or the kindergarten. A few years' breathing-space and then, presumably, the deluge.

INCONSTANT READER

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

LISTEN, BABY!

By JOHN RAVENHILL

DAVID hadn't been in Toronto long and didn't know many people. He was taking his first year at the University, and boarding with an elderly maiden aunt who lived all alone in the West End. He was lonely and often went downtown at night to a show. When he met Jim at the corner of Queen and Yonge streets, he was glad. Jim came from his home town but had been in the city for some time and knew his way around.

The street car jolted around the semi-circle to avoid running straight through the gloomy old building that had once been Knox College. The wheels made a high-pitched grating sound on the curved steel rails.

'Here's where we get off,' Jim said as he reached over and pressed the signal button.

They stood on the corner waiting for the car to pass them. It was snowing and the large, flat snow flakes drifted down lazily. The street lights glowed yellow; they blinked. The distant rumble of down-town traffic sounded subdued and muffled. 'What are these women like?' David asked. Jim grinned. 'Oh! not bad . . . but you gotta watch them. Don't let them think you're green,' he cautioned.

Jim guided him up a lane leading from the dimly lighted side street and approached the rear of a house. The blinds were drawn and it seemed cold and aloof from its neighbours, with their friendly lights shining from the windows. Jim knocked, and the blind over the glass in the kitchen door was pushed aside, a face peering at them. David followed Jim straight through the untidy kitchen to the dining-room. A woman in a dirty house dress was scrubbing the linoleum-covered floor. She glanced at them through two thick strands of straggly, black hair that fell over her broad, flat slavic face.

'Hello, Blondy! Where have you been? The girls have been asking for you,' she flattered, and wagged the scrub brush at him coyly. 'This is a friend of mine, Jessie,' Jim said, omitting a proper introduction. 'He's all right.'

David felt a keen sense of disappointment, expecting something different from this. There weren't any girls around, and the woman on the floor wasn't much to look at. She had nice legs though, he noticed. 'Where are the girls?' he ventured as he helped her move the table back to the centre of the floor. 'Down town at a show; they'll be back in a little while'—she glanced sideways at Jim and smirked. 'These young fellas! too anxious, eh?' She giggled a couple of times and went upstairs to tidy up.

The door bell at the front of the house rang with increasing frequency. The man who had let them in was answering the door. He had a heavy, beefy face and cold, unwinking eyes, with little white marks at the corners. A blonde girl came into the room with a taxi driver David

remembered seeing at the King Edward Hotel cab stand. He was arguing with her, trying to get her to go to the fights with him at Hamilton. People's voices came from the parlour but the doors were kept closed.

Several girls were in the room now. They were standing around talking and drinking with the boys. They encouraged the drinking, grabbing a glass as soon as it was empty, and calling Jessie to bring more liquor. Jim was standing negligently at the door leading into the hallway, talking to a pretty dark-haired girl with large blue eyes. She looked very young—not over eighteen, David decided.

The blonde across the room was staring at him. Her bold, speculative look made David feel uncomfortable and he blushed. She walked over and sat on his knees. Her legs were long and thin and encased in the sheerest silk hosiery that he had ever seen. She pulled her skirts up over her knees, exposing pale pink, silk pants. The elastics at the bottoms were loose and had lost their stretch. She put an intimate hand on one of his thighs. He noticed the pretty dark girl with the blue eyes watching him and he felt foolish.

'Would you like a drink,' he said politely, hoping to get rid of her. Her hands went 'round the back of his neck and she kissed him. Her mouth felt moist and loose. 'Come on out in the kitchen, kid,' she whispered, her hot breath blowing in his ear. He followed her out in a self-conscious manner.

'How much money you wanta spend?'—her eyes followed his hand as it automatically went to his pocket. He caught his breath and felt frightened. He had often imagined stepping out with fast women when he came to the city, but now, when he was face to face with the opportunity he was nervous. 'I've only about two dollars on me,' he lied, blushing. He wanted desperately to get away from her now, the cheap perfume she wore sickened him. 'Oh! Christ!' she said, and walked away from him.

His face was burning as he followed her back into the dining-room and stood uncertainly in the centre of the floor. She thought him a fool. Jim and the little dark girl were dancing. She glanced at him and smiled, then disengaging Jim's arm she walked over. 'Billie wants to dance with the nice shy boy,' she said appealingly.

She clung to him; her soft, supple body following his closely. Her waist felt warm and soft under his hand. 'Do you come over here often?' she asked. He shook his head. Maybe he was right. Maybe she didn't belong to this crowd. He began telling her about himself, diffidently at first, but growing bolder and he could see that she was impressed when he told her that he was going to University.

'I just came to Jessie's today,' she confided. 'I lost my job a couple of weeks ago and couldn't

pay my room rent so a girl I knew at the store brought me over here. Jessie said I could stay and help around the house and she'd try to get me a job.' She was talking in a fast monotone and avoiding his eyes. David felt sad. This wasn't the kind of place a young kid should be hanging around, he reflected. He wondered if she was as innocent as she appeared.

A fat middle-aged man with a shiny bald head stood talking earnestly to Jessie, glancing at them and squinting.

'Come here a minute, Billie,' Jessie called.

'Listen,' David said hurriedly, 'would you like to go along with us when we leave and have something to eat some place?'

'Wait a minute and I'll ask Jessie.' She crossed the room and stood talking—the fat man was shaking her hand. She glanced back at David and made a slight, negative movement with her head.

David sat down beside Jim, listening to him argue with one of the fellows. Jim's face was flushed and his eyes sparkled. He'd had a lot to drink.

'I ain't got nobaw-aw-dee,' shrieked the blatant gramophone.

Billie was sitting on the fat man's knees now with her arms around him. He sat there with a foolish possessive look on his plump face. His thick hand draped over her right shoulder and slid casually across the black silk of her dress, the finger-tips lingering at the base of the low-cut neck.

David knew he hated the fellow. He wanted to go over and bash in his face. 'Listen, baby!' and the fat man's voice dropped to a confidential whisper. His thick expectant lips were close to her face. She looked at David over his bald head and smiled in a slightly bewildered manner.

A sense of injustice welled up in David. The look on her face gave him a melancholy feeling of satisfaction. He remembered the blonde in the kitchen. That was it. They were all after money around here, he thought bitterly. They thought he didn't have any. She was just the same as the blonde or she wouldn't be in the place. He was a fool to get sentimental over a cheap little tramp.

.... 'Well, good-bye, and don't forget where I live,' Jessie said as she let them out the back door. David caught a glimpse of Billie's white face looking after them from the noisy room. The key grated in the lock.

After the smoky and heated atmosphere the cool air was a relief. It had stopped snowing and turned very cold. Long, grey wisps of clouds scurried across the sky, playing hide-and-seek with a pale clear-cut moon. The trees snapped with the frost and the snow-ridged branches glistened brightly from the reflection of the street lamps.

'Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo! Wait a minute,' Billie's voice called, and the unfastened buckles on her goloshes made little dull 'clicks' as she ran to catch up to them. 'I sneaked out when they weren't looking,' she explained. 'Gee! Jessie'll be sore when she finds out.' She giggled nervously and put her hand inside David's arm. He felt

suspicious and was still bitter. He'd show her he wasn't a cheap skate anyway—he'd get her something to eat and send her back—to Hell with her. He had to get home.

They walked east on College street. Jim was talking in a maudlin fashion, and saying silly things to Billie in a loud voice and laughing. 'I'm going to leave you two at Yonge street, so take good care of the little girl and don't let her spend all your money,' he said, and looked at David, winking and leering.

'My! you've got nice eyes—David.' She said his name shyly. 'I like the way your eyebrows grow down at the corners,' and she reached across the restaurant table and ran a tentative finger across one eyebrow. 'I used to go with a fellow who looked like you.' Two women were sitting in a booth opposite them, and David saw them glance at each other and smile. He stirred uneasily. His aunt would be worried about him—it was getting late. He wished she'd finish her meal. Couldn't she see that she was in a hurry. God! she was dumb.

She went on talking, not noticing his impatience.... 'and I don't care whether I go back to that place or not.' He was startled. He wasn't going to get stuck with her at this time of night. 'Look!' he said, trying to make his voice sound brusque, 'you'll have to go back and get your clothes anyway.' He fumbled in his pocket and pushed a crumpled dollar bill across at her. 'You can take a taxi back to Jessie's—I've got to get home—my aunt will wonder what's wrong.' The funny look on her face made him mad. His chair made a scraping sound as he pushed it back. The waiter was moving around piling chairs on the tables and glancing at them from his oblique, oriental eyes. 'Yeh, I guess I'll have to go back.' Her voice sounded listless. She picked up the crumpled bill.

A cold wind whirled the fine snow along the almost deserted street; piling it up in tiny, miniature snow-banks. The restaurant sign over their heads swayed and creaked desolately. He stood sullen. 'Don't let me keep you—run along to auntie,' she said, pathetically flippant, and she turned and started walking away from him up the street, slowly quickening her steps. A milkman ran across the street. The glass bottles in his wire basket rattled. He stopped to stare at the lone figure before hopping up on his yellow rig. Her blue coat showed a moment as she crossed a shaft of light from an all-night lunch stand.

A taxi cab stood at the curb in front of David and the driver had been watching them. 'Taxi! Taxi!' He opened the door and grinned at David as he got in the cab. 'These broads'—he shook his head. 'They get independent after you feed 'em, mister,' he explained. David sat in the cab feeling very virtuous and uncomfortable.





THE NEW WRITERS

XIX.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

THE past decade has been some works of considerable importance produced in the field of American literature. One series of outstanding novels, written by one of the more brilliant and penetrating of the younger authors—Louis Bromfield—is worthy of particular note. The work includes four parts which may be considered, loosely, as a single work, entitled by the author 'Escape.' They are, in order of sequence, *The Green Bay Tree*, *Possession*, *Early Autumn*, and *A Good Woman*.

These books are the product of a writer for whom we may claim a position among the real contemporary literary artists. Louis Bromfield is an author with a remarkable capacity to portray character. The novel is the story of a person or persons and his or their experiences and development in relation to society. More than that, a good novel is usually the working out of some social or emotional problem which is of basic importance. The novelist, then, must have that peculiar power of actually knowing his people and of being able to make them live for his readers. This power Mr. Bromfield has in no small measure. His characters are live people. They walk and talk in the pages of his novels. They are as real as intimate friends—more real, in fact, for as a writer he can reveal to the reader their inmost springs of thought and motives of action. No one, after reading 'Escape,' can ever forget the impression made by the worldly-wise, subtle dowager, Julia Shane; her singularly contrasting daughters; the sophisticated, magnetic Lily, and the sexually inhibited Irene who threw all her energies into social work among the foreign mill workers; Grandpa Tolliver who, in the seclusion of his room, read the *Decline and Fall*, for whom there were no longer any illusions and who 'was therefore a horrid and intolerable old man'; Ellen Tolliver, with a genius for music, who abhorred the Town, who knew that she was destined to become great and who cut loose from her mother's selfish love; Clarence Murdock, with whom Ellen ran away, and to whom Lily had said, after striking up a conversation with him in a railway dining-car, 'And you don't think me wicked, I know, for speaking to a strange man . . . I'm careful who I speak to. . . . I knew I would be safe with you'; Sabine Callendar who married the glamorous and wealthy Richard Callendar, only to give him up for Ellen; Philip Downes, whose conflicting emotions regarding his wife and mother make absorbing reading in *A Good Woman*; and his mother who, in her pious devotion to doing the 'right' was far from being a 'good woman.'

These novels deal with the period from the

end of the nineteenth century up to the nineteen-twenties. That does not mean that they are 'period' novels. They can in no wise be classified as such. While writing of people who lived in the New England states during this era, Mr. Bromfield has created people and events which might have existed or occurred in almost any period of human history. That is not exactly to say that his situations are universal in place or time. It is to say that, with incidental 'local colour' laid aside, the reader can follow the reactions of the human mind to its environment as it has always reacted. The people in *Escape* could, with slight alterations, have readily come from Scott, from Dickens, or from Flaubert.

Each of the separate volumes in the series is a complete story in itself. They are what the author calls 'panel novels in a screen which, when complete, will consist of at least a half-dozen panels all inter-related and each giving a certain phase of the ungainly, swarming, glittering spectacle of American life.' The promised six did not materialize, the last of the series being *A Good Woman*. This is perhaps just as well; 'too much of a good thing—'. The first of the novels, *The Green Bay Tree*, is primarily the story of Lily Shane. The succeeding volumes are in no sense direct sequels and they do not carry fortunes of the characters which appear in previous volumes. Familiar characters reappear, but new ones make their entrance and hold the stage. Each novel, therefore, can be read as an entity, although a chronological reading of the whole group enriches the process.

As the general title of the series indicates, the motif of Mr. Bromfield's novels is escape. Escape from the stodgy monotony, the exasperating bourgeoisie, the crude 'prosperity,' the puritanical morality of New England. Escape to the freedom of New York or Paris. Not that his characters always find their goal in the American metropolis. Indeed, they sooner or later find themselves drawn, as it were, by an ineluctable power, to the French capital. Here the lovely, indolent Lily Shane finds a congenial atmosphere of culture and sophistication after fleeing from the Town. Here also come Willy Harrison, Ellen and Fergus Tolliver, and even Gramp Tolliver. Paris the glamorous and free is the mecca of Bromfield's heroines.

Which last word brings me to a further point. As Henry B. Fuller has pointed out ('The Bromfield Saga' in the *Bookman*, April, 1927), Bromfield is primarily interested in the female of the species. The 'heroes' of his books are all, with the exception of Philip Downes, heroines. And he handles them with ease and understanding, be they young and beautiful, middle-aged and mature, or old and decrepit.

Mr. Fuller propounds an interesting criticism of Bromfield when he says, 'To one who was early established in the decent, if antiquated, tradition of Howells (a practice calling forth reticence and decorum), it seems that Bromfield's recourse to simple fornication is too frequent and too facile.' To me this criticism is, in three of Mr. Fuller's own words in the same article, 'frivolous and

superfluous.' I hold that Mr. Bromfield was writing life as it is, and not teaching a Sunday school class. Possibly my attitude is due to the fact that I have never read a word of Howells. I have, however, read Dreiser. Moreover, I have read history and the contemporary newspapers. Fornication for me has not the shocking sense of crime that it has for my parents who were brought up in the puritanical biblical atmosphere. It must be remembered that Bromfield is writing, not about the squeamish women in the Town's Methodist church, but about certain individuals in the Town who faced life as it came with challenging minds; not so much is he writing about Clarence Murdock as about Lily Shane and Ellen Tolliver. Furthermore, when he deals with fornication, he deals with it not in the *True Story* magazine fashion but in the manner of the real artist delicately delineating life in an open and above-board manner. There is not a line of Bromfield that can be construed as crude.

There is one serious criticism I should like to make of Mr. Bromfield's work. It is a criticism which applies more definitely to his later work. It refers to his *method* of characterization. Now, there are two general ways by which an author may portray character. He may say definitely of his subject, as Bromfield says of Ellen Tolliver, 'She was superb, glittering, slender, strong, and possessed of the old brilliant power to distract thought and concentrate attention,' or he may indicate by the actions and words of his character what sort of person he or she is. The latter method demands of the author more facility of expression and more technique, and at the same time it is more satisfying, more dramatic. In his later works, especially in *Twenty-four Hours*, Mr. Bromfield has been relying on the former method of characterization.

But one can hardly depreciate Mr. Bromfield with success. He is an artist to be appreciated. The vigour of his work, the solidity of his substance, the penetration of his insight, the variety of his situations are worthy of all the reviewer's superlatives. If I am permitted to express at the same time a personal opinion and a prophecy, I will venture to maintain that in America today there are four (at least) great novelists whose work will live in the future. Three of them are Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton and Thornton Wilder. The fourth is Louis Bromfield; and I would place him definitely in the front rank with Dreiser. No educated person living in the twentieth century should be without an intimate acquaintance with both.

ERWIN KREUTZWEISER

EXHIBITION AT THE TORONTO ART GALLERY

TO have been a real proper explorer in the old days, you had to come home with some good tall yarns—something fabulous about large wallowing monsters, tribes of green-faced one-eyed men, or mountain lakes brimming with molten gold. Today we can only applaud the industrious accuracy of scientists who forlornly return with thousands of bottled specimens and sheaves of numerical observations—the inferences from which are announced some years later. All the fun seems to have gone out of exploring.

But now Mr. A. Y. Jackson and Mr. Lawren Harris have been up into the North in quite the right spirit of adventure, and have come home laden with spicy tales which you may believe or not as you choose. Their recent exhibition gave us something beyond the bare facts; they gave us a commentary on what they found, served up with relish and appreciation.

The room in which Mr. Lawren Harris's alarming records were hung was an icy blue cavern. Standing timidly in the middle of the floor we admired the courage which had taken him amongst such frigid scenery; we admired the unerring forthrightness with which he had analyzed those curious forms of unearthly icebergs and conical unclimbable mountains. Keeping the horrors of the place at a decent distance, he had studied them coldly and exactly. He has certainly frightened us from verifying his tales. But with all its conscientious hyperbole there is a serene character about this painting which comes from the consistent application of a method, an attitude of mind or a style—call it what you like. A theatrical manner is natural to a storyteller, and these pictures would enticingly decorate a theatre foyer, while over the domestic hearth they would be an intrusion upon our undramatic daily habits.

To leave this cool cavern (turning in the doorway to see that no monsters creep from the walls and after you) and walk in amongst the intimate little works of A. Y. Jackson is something of an anti-climax. The North, apparently, far from being too sacred to be trod upon is a kind of Elysian picnic ground; you could almost see the place strewn with banana skins and sardine tins, thrown hurriedly aside that the picnickers might gambol in the glowing sunlight. Really a rather jolly kind of place. And here has the artist, too, cast aside his methods, his accuracy and his mature judgments, and gambolled with the best of them. He is captivated by momentary illusions and hurriedly puts them down before fresh graces are bestowed.

These artists are a fine contrast to one another; one to display the cultivated grown-up mental reaction to his subject, according to a preconceived formula and unconcerned with geological and domestic actualities. The other to take us into the foreground and reveal its liveliness.

There was at the same time exhibited a promiscuous collection of English water colours—nicely shuffled and drawn at random from the



hanging committee's hat. Beside our Canadian adventurers these were the stay-at-homes, turning over again the leaves of the well-thumbed picture book. Amongst the exhibitors were familiar friends. Ethelbert White who makes the English autumn woods full of new and charming rhythms. Paul Nash who draws the English scene with a deliberate dullness of surface, houses overgrown with thin drab green under a thin grey sky—as if to challenge his own sentimental attachment to the familiarities of home. Rushbury flicking his trim debonair line to build up those delightful architectural compositions; you can't see the sentiment in Rushbury; through the deepest personal tragedies, through days without lunch, in the beginning and the end he would remain unbiassed and construct for you those delightful places which all get a little infected with the gaiety of his pencil. And besides others were C. J. Holmes, Sir Wilson Steer and Claude Muncaster, all drawing the inherited English landscape with inherited English appreciation.

With all our joy in the costumed bravery of buccaneering one is sometimes reminded that the elements of civilization are the domestic arts. Some day when adolescent Canada has done with pioneering we shall settle down to paint at home, to paint the everyday things of everyday life. Meanwhile don't let's get confused by talking of a national Canadian style; buccaneers are outside the nation and have no style but their own.

HUMPHREY CARVER

WATER

Charcoal and lime in stumps and stones,
And dust upon the plains
Were not more arid than his bones,
More thirsty than his veins.

The height of a Sirocco noon
Had left him perishing,
When at the wood-fringe of the dune
He stumbled on a spring.

He took no time for breaths or sips,
But, head down on the bank,
He opened his Sahara lips,
And like a camel drank.

E. J. PRATT

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HYLAS

Between the blue that burned the swimming bay
And the green welter of the tangled land,
Nosing blood-browed against the grating sand,
The tarr'd bulk of the heavy Argo lay.
But the tall young Theban thrust his idle way
Through the tough thickets with brown arrogant
hand

To where the little river seemed to stand
Dozing, beneath the dead mid-swing of day;
And saw, there kneeling by the shining stream,
Through the still depth white slender bodies rise:
On his strong wrist cool fingers wrapt unseen;
Unfathomably in blue quiet eyes
His soul drew down, and he as in a dream
Sank through the still bright water quietly.

L. A. M.

SONNET FOR VERONICA

Truth you command of me—as men are true
To the dim dreams beyond the power of being,
To the veiled glories that they sing, unseeing,
To the Miltonic gestes they do not do;
Starlight and snowlight are you, and the far
Fragrance of palms upon a northern wind,
Light of all light, song of all songs enshrined:
Lonely and lovely as the evening star.

And, as a star, the upward gaze compelling,
Winning a distant, most contagious awe,
Perfect in all, beyond perfections' telling—
Drawing no mortal by a mortal flaw;
Neither too dark, too blonde, too tall, too short...
Truly, I could be grateful for a wart.

JOSEPH SCHULL

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AN OLD CEDAR

By C. F. SCHAEFFER



MOSCOW MARCHES ON

RED BREAD, by Maurice Hindus (Cape-Nelson; pp. 372; \$3.50).

NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER, by M. Ilin (Houghton Mifflin—Thomas Allen; pp. 162; \$1.75).

ONE LOOKS AT RUSSIA, by Henri Barbusse (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 207; \$1.75).

THE revolution in Russia was on so vast a scale and its ramifications were, and are, so far-reaching, that it is difficult to see the whole thing in its true proportions. The crucial event was the seizure of power by the Communist Party—on behalf of the proletariat—fourteen years ago this October, but the revolution did not end with that historical move. The passing of power into the hands of the Soviets was the occurrence which made a social revolution possible, but in the agricultural districts nearly ten years were to elapse before the new society really began to emerge from the wreckage of the old. The collapse of the old system raised such a dust that for a time many observers were completely blinded, and even today many people are unable to see anything but destruction in the Soviet Union.

Maurice Hindus is one of those who see more clearly than most. Born in the mud-lands of Central Russia, he lived long enough in his native village to have a clear picture of what conditions were in the old days. After spending some time in the United States he returned to his birthplace, five or six years ago, and his first book *Broken Earth* was a penetrating study of the dark-minded peasants of a backward agricultural community who were feeling at that time the first impact of socialist construction. This was followed by *Humanity Uprooted* which was in the nature of a more general survey of the Soviet scene. Now, in *Red Bread*, he has returned to the source of his original inspiration, and his little village becomes a symbol of the tremendous struggle which is taking place between the individualistic muzhik and the kolhoz, or collective farm. The peasant, who for hundreds of years has been firmly rooted in his own individual strip of land, is vociferously fighting for a lost cause, and he has begun to realize the hopelessness of his struggle. Hindus believes that the collectivization of agriculture in the Soviet Union is the most colossal revolution that mankind has ever witnessed, and the kolhoz is winning because 'its overpowering merit is its superiority to Russian individual agriculture as a method of production.' In the summer of 1929, when Mr. Hindus was in Russia, slightly more than a quarter of the peasants were enrolled in collectives; now, in the spring of 1931, it is reported that the figures have risen to over 50 per cent. There is a tremendous story concealed in these statistics, and Maurice Hindus has wisely

allowed the peasant to tell it himself in his own language, 'for no writer living can tell it as eloquently and movingly as he.' There was no difficulty in getting him to talk. 'At all affairs the stranger is welcome as an onlooker and even more as a participant. Doors are never and nowhere shut, for nothing is private in a Russian village, neither sorrow nor joy, neither shame nor glory. Life inside and outside unfolds before the onlookers like petals before sunlight.'

While he stresses the fact that the peasant is reluctant to accept the new socialist economy, Hindus makes it clear that this is only true of the older generation. The youth of the Soviet Union, with few exceptions, has been won over to the new order, and not only does it enthusiastically support the agricultural revolution but much of the leadership on the farm collectives is drawn from its ranks. Youngsters of eighteen and nineteen are teaching their grandmothers how to suck eggs, and more than that, they are showing them how the eggs should be hatched in modern incubators, and demonstrating the advantages of modern methods in every department of the kolhoz.

It is only necessary to read *Russia's New Primer* to understand how the imagination of young Russia is being kindled and its sympathies enlisted in the tremendous effort which is being made to lift the U.S.S.R. bodily out of the age of feudalism and into the twenty-first century—all in the space of one generation. M. Ilin is a young engineer who sees poetry in such things as hydro-electric stations, metallurgical plants, and whopping great state farms that cover hundreds of thousands of acres, and what is more, he can make his readers feel the lyrical throb of giant machinery, and the pulsating energy of electricity. The book is all about the five-year plan, and it was written for the use of school-children—boys and girls of from twelve to fourteen—but no work on this subject has been published in English which gives the adult reader such an appreciation of the spirit which lies behind all the technical routine of planned production. *Russia's New Primer* illustrates how youth is being drawn in and made an active participant in all the important political and economic projects in the Soviet Union. These youngsters are not being trained to be passive supporters of a socialistic state, but they are told that they must all become active workers and builders of a new order of society. Never before has youth been given so much power and so much responsibility. This is food for the gods, and only the future can tell what the result will be of feeding with undiluted ambrosia the forty million children who constitute New Russia.

Under the guidance of Henri Barbusse one does not so much look Russia full in the face as catch fascinating glimpses of curious and bizarre incidents and personalities. In *One Looks At Russia* we are not shown a picture of the big performance under the main tent, but rather a series of vignettes—all the curious and diverting side-shows that surround the circus proper. Like

Upton Sinclair, M. Barbusse has a flair for the superlative, and he has a chapter on the oldest man alive—discovered by him in the Caucasus; the 'Monstrous House,' in Kharkov; and the 'Earthly Paradise,' on the Black Sea. There are interesting chapters on Soviet films, the working of the seven-hour day, and various other subjects, including interviews with Clara Zetkin and Maxim Gorky, but at the conclusion one has the sense of having read a series of unrelated sketches rather than a unified study of modern Russia.

J. F. WHITE

AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT

THE BEGINNINGS OF CRITICAL REALISM IN AMERICA (1860-1920), by Vernon Louis Parrington (Volume III of 'Main Currents in American Thought'; Harcourt Brace & Co.; pp. xxix, 429; \$4.00).

THE author of this book, which was left unfinished at his death, was a professor of English in the University of Washington, but he seems to have been singularly little inclined to all that interminable analysis of individual emotion and that aesthetic attitudinizing which is the main stock-in-trade of the literary fraternity. The central theme of his three volumes is really the development of American political thought as illustrated in literature. Novelists and poets become to him chiefly exhibits showing the trend of political and social ideas among certain classes in certain areas at certain periods. His first volume is entitled *The Colonial Mind (1620-1800)*, his second *The Romantic Revolution in America (1800-1860)*. In this third volume he deals with the generation after the Civil War, 'the Gilded Age,' and with the later contemporary generation in which the debauch of material expansion was succeeded by an increasingly realistic and critical attitude toward American institutions. His work was finished only down to 1900, and the later part of the last volume is made up of selections from manuscript notes which only give hints of the way in which Professor Parrington would have treated the subject.

The economic background of the third volume is the industrialization of America under the leadership of the middle class. The tremendous expansion of the country after the Civil War resulted in an increasing centralization of power in the big cities. This in turn led to the great revolt of the frontier which culminated in 1896. All American literature is coloured by this conflict of interest between the rising power of capitalism controlling a government that has come to conceive its main function to be the shaping of public policy to promote private interests, and the gradually declining power of the old Jeffersonian agrarian democracy. Upon the thread of this economic determinism Professor Parrington strings all the American writers of note from the 1860's to the 1920's.

He is himself a frank Jeffersonian democrat. He believes that the Great Barbecue, as he calls the orgy after the Civil War, debased and perverted the fine aspirations for human betterment



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which came from the Enlightenment of the 18th century. 'The excellent idea of progress that issued from the social enthusiasms of the Enlightenment was taken in charge by the Gilded Age and transformed into a handmaid of capitalism. Its duties were narrowed into the single end of serving profits.' The vulgar corruption which resulted was attributed by genteel critics like Howells and Godkin and Henry Adams to the inherent evils of democracy; but Professor Parrington is never weary of pointing out that the evil of the age was not democracy but the unrestrained license which was given to the acquisitive instinct. It is their increasing insight into the relations between economics and civilization that causes him to praise more recent writers. But just as he was coming to the great movement of liberalism of the early years after the turn of the century, 'a movement not unworthy to be compared with the ferment of the 1840's,' he had to lay down his pen for good. Evidently he rejoiced in that last age to see the American mind recovering the realistic insight combined with the high aspiration for human perfectability which made the eighteenth century Enlightenment so congenial a period to him. But 'then the War intervened and the green fields shrivelled in an afternoon. With the cynicism that came with post-war days the democratic liberalism of 1917 was thrown away like an empty whiskey-flask. Clever young men began to make merry about democracy. It was preposterous, they said, to concern oneself about social justice. The first want of every man is his dinner and the second his girl. If the mass, the raw materials of democracy, never rises much above sex appeals and belly needs, surely it is poor stuff to try to work up into an excellent civilization.' But Professor Parrington did not himself believe in this wisdom of the 1920's.

The reading of a book such as this is a depressing experience for a Canadian. It makes him realize the awful intellectual and emotional poverty of our Canadian civilization. For we also have seen the same social and political struggles between agrarian democracy and centralizing capitalism; we have sat at the same kind of a Great Barbecue under Macdonald and Laurier. A country's literature should make it conscious of the social forces which determine its destiny. But our literature since 1867 displays only a Boeotian placidity. We shall never produce a Parrington because we have not produced the literature for him to interpret. What is the reason for this mysterious sterility in Canadian life?

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

CREATIVE ART CRITICISM

MEN OF ART, by Thomas Craven (Musson Book Co.; pp. xxii, 524; \$3.75).

ART is a controversial subject. Diverging viewpoints concerning it seem to be almost as potent to destroy friendships as differences of viewpoints regarding religion. This book, *Men of Art*, by Thomas Craven, the American art

critic, has already proven itself controversial and to quite a few unpalatable; first, because the author holds decided opinions and expresses them forcibly; and second, because those opinions are not in accord with either the modern or academic schools of thought. Mr. Craven gives us his own reactions in his own terminology, perhaps tending at times to make rather sweeping statements, but, as his reactions are original and well considered; and as he has a fine mind, trained to express itself clearly, the book is scholarly, stimulating and never dull. There is a possibility that he has started something, and *Men of Art* may have a far-reaching influence on art criticism and art appreciation, if not on art itself, in America.

Creative art criticism is sadly missing on the American continent partly because, in things aesthetic, we have not yet found ourselves. We have evolved no theory of art tallying with what we feel about it, whereas the French know what they feel and have rationalized it into the semblance of a system which their propaganda has successfully imposed upon the modern western world especially in the United States. The French theory of Art for Art's sake is boldly and ably challenged in *Men of Art*, and something approximating a genuine American viewpoint is for the first time presented at length by a man with the prestige and audience to carry weight. This American point of view (I have not space to explain here why I call it American) sees art as undivorced from social and even moral considerations whereas, to quote André Siegfried, the French are anti-social and, as Craven points out, 'it was to be expected that the defence of this [Modern French] art should be the hopeless effort to separate social, moral, and sentimental activities from what was snobbishly labelled "pure aesthetics." 'We find,' says Craven, 'that French painting seldom [he does not say never] rises to the imaginative heights attained by the painting of other countries; that it is in the aggregate orderly rather than imaginative; stylistic, instead of dramatic; nationalistic, instead of original. . . . It has known no periods of exuberance, no moments of ecstasy. . . . The present position of French painting is not one to make the heart rejoice. There is more hope in North America.'

Modern art was born and grew up under the spell-binding influence of the French art industry. It is therefore to be expected that Craven, holding the opinion he does of French painting, should see much in the modern art movement to distrust, although he is by no means blind to its good points. The world, he thinks, has paid a heavy penalty for Cézanne's genius. 'To prophesy is rash,' he admits, 'but I venture to say that in the new orientation of art which I am confident we shall see once the technical speculators have recovered their wits, it will be Daumier who will guide the errant band into the path that leads to salvation.'

His book as a whole makes it clear why Mr. Craven picks Daumier as the new art Messiah. He (Craven) seems never to be moved by the aesthetic arrangements of form, line and colour

apart from subject. He does not accept the modern dogma that an aesthetic emotion is a thing in itself or that 'it is the unique property of those who love only art and not life.' Craven sees in Daumier's work all that to Craven makes for true greatness in art:—

The aesthetic emotion was twaddle, he claims, to a man of Daumier's character. He could not conceive art as a thing removed from experience, as petty combinations of cubes and cones; yet an analysis of his painting, from a purely structural point of view, shows that his organization in plane and line are superior, as such, to the whole of that great mass of modernist work done with the sole purpose of proving how interesting an abstraction can really be made. His art is a living testimony to the profound importance of subject matter. He painted what he knew and understood, the men and women with whom he toiled and suffered.

It is of course unfair to snatch passages from their context and quote them as typical of Craven's views. My fear is that in so doing, in so brief a review as this must be, I may convey the impression that Craven is entirely unfriendly to the modern movement. Our best friend is very often the one who tells us our faults and explains their origins and how to correct them. In this sense Craven is a true friend of modern painting. His book may be unqualifiedly recommended to lovers of modern art who feel that it is in danger of running amuck or drying up through an overdose of French influence, and who would rejoice to see it grow in grandeur of conception and reflect a deeper and wider understanding of life as a whole and of the relation of the aesthetic experience to the total. The book may also be recommended as the best history of art since Giotto to be published in recent years, in fact this reviewer knows of no other to compare with it. Mr. Craven recreates the ages and the personages of his story with power and vividness.

F. B. HOUSSEY

SHAKESPEARIAN RESEARCH

A SHAKESPEARIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Walter Ebisch in collaboration with Levin L. Schuecking (Oxford University Press; pp. xviii, 294; \$6.25).

THE APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE, by J. W. Mackail (Oxford University Press; pp. 144; \$1.75).

SHAKESPEARE'S PROBLEM COMEDIES, by W. W. Lawrence (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix, 258; \$3.00).

DR. EBISCH at the suggestion of Professor Schuecking, and probably with the assistance of other members of the English Seminar at Leipzig, has set out to provide 'one of the most urgent desiderata of Modern Philology'—'a Shakespeare Bibliography that meets the demands of recent research'. And there is no doubt that the modern philologist whose interest lies in the field of Shakespearian research will be duly grateful for this well-arranged volume, which provides such an extensive catalogue to the enormous library which modern scholars have created dealing with Elizabethan literature generally and every conceivable aspect of Shakespeare's life and work.

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editor and critic of Shakespeare's work, could have envisaged the course which these studies were to take in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; and it would doubtless have surprised him into some memorable utterance if it had been suggested to him that the investigations he had begun would be continued in such detail and with such pertinacity by an army of scholars in all the universities of Europe and America. And I think he would have been most astonished to find that it was possible to produce a large volume with this title, which is after all, strictly, not so much a bibliography of Shakespeare as a bibliography of philological and critical works about Shakespeare.

It is true that the later editions of the 'Works with critical text revision' are all mentioned, but when we go further back we come only to Facsimiles of the Folios and Quartos, and references to other special bibliographies of the oldest texts. And obviously it would have been impossible to reproduce these real Shakespeare bibliographies here—nevertheless the impression remains of the remoteness from Shakespeare himself and the secondary nature of most of the material included.

This is particularly obvious when we turn to the English critics of Shakespeare in the eighteenth century. For we are simply referred to a Collection of *Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays* by Beverley Warner, and to Professor Nichol Smith's two books of reprints of *Eighteenth Century Shakespearean Criticism*. It is true that the contents of these two volumes are listed separately, though not referred to in the General Index; but this seems very grudging recognition of the importance of pronouncements of men like Dryden, Addison, and Dr. Johnson. And on the other hand we are given a list of 26 volumes and articles (not counting the reviews upon them) concerned with this very eighteenth-century criticism of Shakespeare. Thus we have the strange anomaly that Steele's papers on Shakespeare are neither listed properly nor indexed at all, but we are given full details of Dr. Otto Wendt's *Steele's literarische Kritik ueber Shakespeare im Tatler und Spectator*, a Ph.D. Dissertation (Rostock 1910.)—43 pages—and a review of it on page 175 of the *Zeitschrift fuer vergleichende Literaturgeschichte*, 1903. And we are referred to Professor Lounsbury's book on *Shakespeare and Voltaire* but given no reference whatever to Voltaire's own criticism. And even when we come to German criticism, which is naturally more fully dealt with, there is no reference to either Schiller or Lessing, and only one reference to Goethe—the remarks on Hamlet in *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, 1795—and we are presumably intended to rely for all our information upon Boehlingk's *Shakespeare und unsere Klassiker*, 3 vols. Leipzig 1909-10.

It may be said of course that every student of Shakespeare knows the references made by great writers to Shakespeare, or at least knows where he can find them, and that this volume was planned to serve another purpose and intended to list only academic criticism for the benefit of the

specialist. But in that case it seems rather superfluous to list such obvious works as the *Cambridge Modern History* and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, or the *British Museum Library Catalogue*.

It may seem ungracious to enlarge so fully on this one problem of right selection, and not simply to be properly thankful for a book which has been long needed, and which few people would have had the patience and energy to complete without a large number of helpers. It must be admitted that it is much easier to criticize such a work when it is completed, than to decide upon a perfectly adequate and well-balanced plan before it is begun.

There are a few slight inaccuracies which could easily be removed in another edition. It is rather confusing to find that, when the same book or article is listed in several different places, there is often some slight variation either in the manner of quoting the title or the author. Even Professor Schuecking himself appears sometimes as Levin L. Schuecking and sometimes as L. L. Schuecking.

The *Lord Northcliffe Lectures* delivered by Professor Mackail at University College, London, 1930, seem to me to have been written in the mood which a careful study of this bibliography is calculated to produce. It is a mood which drew from Hazlitt his essay 'On the Ignorance of the Learned', ending fitly enough with this remark:—

If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators.

Professor Mackail is content in his lectures to reiterate the first of these sentences again and again, and he gives silent approval to the second by ignoring most of the commentators. His book is therefore of slight interest for those who are concerned with the latest problems of Shakespearean research; but it contains one or two pages of admirable writing characteristic of English criticism at its best. For instance he is pointing out the complete and easy control with which Shakespeare can turn from the world of tragedy to comedy, or hover between them:—

He can twirl the two hemispheres between his fingers. He can, by a flick of the wrist, switch his creative power, like the language in which he embodies it, from one keyboard to the other . . . the same or practically the same language may carry with it, according to the key in which it is set, the extremes of tragic awe or of radiant humour.

Of a number of excellent examples this only can be given:—

Lear's piteous cry:

I am a very foolish fond old man

Fourscore and upward

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

I would have made them skip,

is all but an exact verbal repetition—like, but ah, how different!—of the good-humoured senile babble of Shallow: 'I have lived fourscore years and upward I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.'

The value of an illuminating remark like that is that it sends one back with fresh eagerness to the text—to read Shakespeare again.

The other volume by Professor W. W. Lawrence of Columbia University is a study of Shakespeare's 'Problem Plays' from the point of view of a mediaeval scholar. This provides a vantage point from which to correct some modern commentators, who have been too ready to forget that Shakespeare usually accepted most of the moral and intellectual standards of his own day, and that those standards were still largely mediaeval. Professor Lawrence emphasizes here how necessary it is to remember this in discussing Shakespeare's handling of themes and stories which were perfectly familiar to his audience, and accepted by them in their traditional mediaeval form. This point would have made the subject for an admirable essay, but hardly deserves the emphasis and wealth of illustration provided in this large book.

H. J. DAVIS

A HARD ROAD

THE ROAD BACK, by Erich Maria Remarque (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 320; \$2.00).

THE effect of the Great War on the soul of post-war Europe seems to vary with the different nations who engaged in the conflict. With the exception of a few men—Barbusse, Giraudoux, Briand—the French mentality has been undisturbed by the events of 1914-1918. To the Frenchman the last war was nothing more than a natural sequel to 1870. That is why there are practically no French war books. On the other hand, the War left on England and Germany a scar which has not healed yet and which is likely to leave a permanent mark on the young men and women of these two countries.

One of the most moving passages in Herr Remarque's first book, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, is the cry of despair of the young soldier in the hospital:—

I am young, I am twenty years old; but I know nothing of life except despair, death, misery and the linking up of the most senseless superficiality with an abyss of suffering. . . . What will our fathers do when we arise one day and appear before them to demand an account? What do they expect from us when the time comes when there will be no more war? For years our occupation was killing—it was our first vocation in life. Our knowledge of life is confined to death. What is to happen after this? And what is to become of us?

These rhetorical questions are answered in *The Road Back*. These youths, who exchanged the schoolroom for the battlefield and who lived for years the lives of savages, murdering and plundering in the name of honour, duty, freedom, and what not, now return to civilization and are expected to slip into every-day bourgeois life as if nothing had happened to them during their absence from home. Of course they cannot adjust themselves to their new or old environment, with its sham conventions, its artificial class distinctions, its hypocritical love of hollow phrasemaking. They have seen men torn limb from limb, bleeding to death like stuck pigs, screaming in agony for hours before death put them out of their misery. And now their relatives and friends are shocked because they use coarse language,

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because they scrounge a hen from a neighbouring farmyard, because they forget their table manners.

These lads, who for four years hovered between life and death, are expected to go back to school and to turn their minds seriously to quadratic equations and entomology. They find the schoolmasters who talked them into going to the slaughter still making the same speeches on heroism, on unselfish devotion, on the glory of dying for one's country. One of the soldier-pupils describes the death of a hero:—

All day long he lay out in the wire screaming, and his guts hanging out of his belly like macaroni. Then a bit of shell took off his fingers and a couple of hours later another chunk of his leg; and still he lived; and with his other hand he would keep trying to pack back his intestines, and when night fell at last he was done. And when it was dark we went out to get him and he was full of holes as a nutmeg grater.

And in the next breath another of them is reprimanded for using coarse language!

What was the use of this bloody business? It gave unemployed generals something to occupy their brains, but otherwise it was all in vain. And now these young soldiers choose a vocation, but cannot adapt themselves to it. They try loafing and are equally unhappy in that. They attempt rebellion against their bureaucratic rulers and fail. 'Are we suited for peace?' they ask. 'Are we fit now for anything but soldiering?' One of them tries soldiering, and soon throws it up in disgust—no, not even for soldiering.

With all the power that went into the writing of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Herr Remarque lays bare the agony that has destroyed his unfortunate generation. There is no one tone pervading the book; every chord is sounded, from hilarity to profound tragedy. There are passages of sincere and simple beauty that deserve to stand beside the best in Herr Remarque's former classic.

The Road Back is the only book beside Feuchtwanger's *Success* which has given me an adequate explanation of the reign of anarchy that has swept Germany since the Revolution. I can now understand the barbaric orgy of murder, plundering, and terrorization on the part of the Nazis, Communists, and German malcontents in general. Everyone should read *The Road Back*.

H. STEINHAUER

POST-WAR ATTITUDES

THE WINDING LANE, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 345; \$2.00).

MEN DISLIKE WOMEN, by Michael Arlen (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 310; \$2.00).

THE WINDING LANE is all about Francis Brandon, an unsuccessful and almost impecunious novelist, who had withdrawn from London to an old cottage in Surrey with a view to saving his soul. He seems an entirely guileless and incompetent young man, but dimly conscious of what is going on in the world about him. He is, in fact, quite the same sort of person as the hero of *If Winter Comes*. And so it is no surprise when we learn that 'it is doubtful whether any

one in the wide world had actually paid down seven-and-sixpence for a novel by this author.'

Nevertheless, before getting many chapters into *The Winding Lane* an experienced reader is prepared to lay a wager that Francis, sooner or later is destined to produce a 'best seller.' And that is what comes to pass. In my judgment, the best part of the book is the explanation of how and why the miracle happened. It was partly fluke. It was partly deliberate and kind-hearted promotion by friendly critics. It was partly telling the world by Radio. And it did not happen again. The very critics who through sympathy for a struggling colleague had 'boosted' Brandon's book, became furiously jealous of him when he was a best seller, and effectively damned his next novel. And thus we have him at the end again saving his soul in the Surrey cottage. Coming from Sir Philip Gibbs, this picture of the literary life of today is of unquestionable value. Incidentally, it is interesting to be told on good authority that the estimates of book reviewers have such potency.

Of course several young women, as well as a number of older persons of both sexes, come into the book, but they all seem to be there for the purpose of exemplifying various 'post-war' attitudes. They all do and say the things that are expected of them. The conventions of these young persons have become as stereotyped as those of the generation that preceded them. And so it is rather absurd for the publishers to tell us that we have in this novel 'a drama that challenges the entire structure of modern life.' There is of course shrewd comment on contemporary phenomena, and admiration cannot be withheld from the portrait of the decayed aristocrat, who constantly railed against the dole, and at the same time sponged his own living. Sir Philip is fundamentally a serious minded student of social conditions.

In *Men Dislike Women*, we are in quite another world. Mr. Michael Arlen, who is mentioned several times in *The Winding Lane*, with perhaps a touch of disapproval, has no preoccupation with social problems or codes of conduct. The world for him is a source of merriment, and not a subject of investigation. Yet his taste seems to be developing, and his standard of female propriety is apparently rising. One recalls that the lady of *The Green Hat* exhibited a hole in the heel of her stocking, that a wisp of tobacco was curled about one of her teeth and that her hands always smelt of gasoline. Now, we are told, 'one expects men to smell of coal, petrol, tobacco, and alcohol. But feminine odours should be limited strictly to essentials.' Also, his characters now seem to be less self-conscious and more casual in their wickedness. It is fascinating to watch an author growing in the mastery of his material.

In *Men Dislike Women*, Mr. Arlen abandons high life in Mayfair and rural England and shows us Park Avenue in New York and the artificial country life of Long Island. We are bored for a while by the descendants of the Knicker-

G. W. LATHAM

The only gain of it all is that the author, it is to be hoped, will sleep better after getting this off his chest; and literature has gained another discreditable, but interesting and valuable Confession. As an attack it fails by its own awk-

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ward extravagance; as a novel, it stands condemned by the element of truth in the somewhat debatable standard by which the author judges the works of the object of his attack: 'The writer intrudes himself to too great an extent; in the end one knows more about the writer than the man written about. For it is a mistake for a novelist to allow his own soul, sorrows, joys, egotisms, to come between himself and his subject. Above all any sort of platitudes interfering with the flow of the story.' (*Sic*).

L. A. MACKAY

THE RELIGION OF TAGORE

THE RELIGION OF MAN, by Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 244; \$2.50).

FOR several generations Protestant Europe has been asking leave of the scientists and the historians to be religious. Pale young curates and learned theologians have laboriously explained to their congregations that there is still room for faith, and gracious professors of science have smilingly bowed their assent. Even at the present moment Toronto is telling the world that there is room for religion in the scientific man's mind.

But here in this serene volume of lectures is the thing itself, existing of its own right, without a with-your-leave or a by-your-leave. Who should know better what religion is than the religious mystic? Who else in fact has any business to tell us about religion at all? Ecclesiastical history, theology, may be anyone's business; but religion is another matter.

Tagore's religion is independent of tradition. What he, with his Hindu background, says is immediately understood by his Christian audience. His concern is with the future, not with the past which always tends to bind, not to inspire. He speaks from his own experience, and he expresses his own vision of the spiritual life. For he has his conviction that 'in religion, and also in the arts, that which is common to a group is not important.' For him the religious life is a life lived in harmony with the highest potentialities of human nature. Everyone has moments of vision, of consciousness of the surplus in man. These moments are for Tagore the germ of religion, which becomes 'no mere subjective idea but an energizing truth.' He quotes one of the old Vedas as saying: 'Righteousness, truth, great endeavours, empire, religion, enterprise, heroism and prosperity, the past and the future, dwell in the surpassing strength of the surplus.'

Tagore's mysticism is strenuous, even aggressive. The consciousness of freedom is as keen as the consciousness of unity, and the fact that man exults in his own freedom and energy is central to his religion. When man began to walk on two legs instead of on four the 'position which he made his body to assume carried with it a permanent gesture of insubordination,' and the change 'proves his inborn mania for repeated reforms of constitution, for pelting amendments at every resolution proposed by Providence.'

In this last book of Tagore's there are no per-

plexing questions about reconciling East and West, science and religion, art and morals, contemplation and activity. All are united in a human nature which at its actual best experiences again and again a consciousness of beauty, freedom, and perfection. Man is possessed of a 'Spirit which has its enormous capital with a surplus far in excess of the requirements of the biological animal in man. Some overflowing influence led us over the strict boundaries of living, and offered to us an open space where Man's thoughts and dreams could have their holidays. Holidays are for gods who have their joy in creation.' It is only by living in and for this realm of the surplus that Man becomes divine. 'As an animal he is still dependent upon Nature; as a Man he is a sovereign who builds his world and rules it.'

This creative life of Man is aware of no inconsistencies among human activities, and feels the need of no prohibitions. Hence this volume of lectures is entirely positive in its description of the spiritual life, and though it speaks of sacrifice it has nothing to say of negations and denials. 'We gain our true religion when we consciously cooperate with him (the Supreme Man), finding our exceeding joy through suffering and sacrifice'; and again 'in order to be happy [man] must establish harmonious relationship with all things with which he has dealings.'

MARGARET FAIRLEY

FICTION

WHEN JOAN WAS POPE, by Richard Ince (Scholaris Press; pp. 261; 7/6).

MIRTHFUL HAVEN, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 319; \$2.00).

THE NAME OF ACTION, by Graham Greene (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 312; \$2.50).

THE WOODEN WOMAN, by Alexander Townsend (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 320; \$2.00).

MR. INCE has filled the gaps of the legend of Pope Joan—which is mostly gaps anyway—with a vivid, amusing and interesting biography. Born from a Christian father and a Pagan mother in Germany, Joan, soon orphaned, wanders from monastery to monastery in the guise of a Benedictine monk, with her 'husband' brother Escobardus. She goes in search of knowledge, of which she acquires much. Finally she arrives in Rome, and after lecturing for a time on religion and philosophy, is elected Pope, still, of course, masquerading as a man. The author thus has an opportunity to describe, with humorous and not always unkind satire, the habits and beliefs of monks and prelates of every grade in the ninth century, and to contrast their crude and destructive religion with the vanished glories of paganism, for Joan is essentially a pagan and even converses with Pan. That the majority of the clergy of those times were very much as here described, that theirs was a crude and narrow interpretation of Christianity, there can be little doubt; but it is equally certain that Mr. Ince's Pan is somewhat idealized. Be that as it may,

this is a good story which keeps the reader interested up to the very moment of Joan's death, and the satire strikes much deeper than the rather facile *Capo* of the same author, which was reviewed in these columns a while ago. The characters too are much more alive and arresting.

Mirthful Haven is a village on the Maine coast, Edna Pelter the daughter of a pleasant if somewhat shabby rascal, with a family tree the oldest in the village, except for that of that old sailor, Captain Embury. Edna is taken away by her step-grandmother to be given a gentlewoman's education, but left to come home penniless. While away she has fallen in love with Gordon Corning, whose wealthy family are regular summer visitors to Mirthful Haven, and so she continues to see him without daring to tell him that she is a native, from a different race as it were, until her father is killed on a bootlegging expedition, which leads to the inevitable revelation and separation. The tale is simple, but well woven together, and if the characters are somewhat conventional—the rich summer visitors dull and selfish, the poor villagers more sympathetic—after all people are like that, from outside at any rate. And the heroine is altogether loveable. The village background is well done and rings true, some of the local characters very good indeed, especially in their solidarity, in spite of all their feuds, when they try to save Pelter from the arm of the law, though he is the most despised of them all. It is a good story well told, and old Captain Embury who finally marries the girl to save her from gossip is a fine old fellow.

If I were an author I would start a League for the suppression of Publishers' Blurbs. It must be annoying to write an exciting story with all the paraphernalia of a good thriller: dictator, revolution, adventuress, romantic hero and all, and to have it described on the fly-leaf as 'a brilliant psychological melodrama of the senses.' Though in the case of *The Name of Action* there is some excuse, for Mr. Greene makes his dictator a husband of five years standing who cannot or will not fulfil his biological function (psychological?), while the hero, pitifully worried as to whether this is Lust or Love, takes his place for a night (of the senses?). The melodrama consists of a murdered policeman and a bad wound for the fallen dictator. Yet in spite of a certain preciousness of style, and what seems an unnecessary emphasis on the sexual life of the actors, this is an entertaining drama, and in parts, compelling. Joseph Kapper the poet, whose scurrilous rhymes undermine the respect of the people for their ruler and thus cause his downfall, is interesting. And if the reader is not put off by a rather crude presentation of Puritanism (the dictator), Lust (his wife) and Love (the supposedly blasé young hero), the tale will carry him along at a good pace. But I confess I prefer my thrillers without the 'psychology.'

Nemesis reigns supreme in *The Wooden Woman*, where the crew of the bad ship *Heaven Belle* see Fate bearing down upon them and are as helpless as a rabbit before a python. A terrible tragedy of jealousy occurred on the maiden

voyage forty years ago and now the sons of all the main actors, from the skipper down, find themselves together at the last. The Captain's wife and her lover are to be sacrificed again—mere ghosts of those other selves. Of course they are not, at least they escape with a ducking and live happy for ever after on an island for two. But everybody else is disposed of. It is a human failing that any recital of sheer horror will hold our attention, for a time. But this story is more than that and achieves real vividness apart from the catalogue of deaths, though the variations from the original tragedy are as puzzling as the repetitions. It is a good nightmare. And Fate in his vengeance upon the next generation is no doubt just and all that. 'But economical,—no, that he isn't,' as Peer Gynt once remarked of the justice of Heaven.

G. M. A. GRUBE

A HOLIDAY NOVEL

ABOVE THE DARK TUMULT, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 303; \$2.00).

THIS book is advertised as a 'fascinating and fantastic melodrama of Picadilly Circus.' Mr. Walpole modestly disclaims any great merit for it. In the dedication he begs a certain Walter not to take too seriously 'something that is a tale and nothing but a tale' written for the author's own enjoyment as a holiday from the chronicles of the Herries family: 'a momentary vision of a room high above the leaping lights of Picadilly has betrayed me into sheer story-telling.' Mr. Walpole was doubtless entitled to a holiday; it is to be regretted that it had to take this particular form. He ought to have sat down and counted twenty before yielding to the betraying vision; he might then have seen that it was only a will o' the wisp after all, of the kind that not infrequently appears to tempt the popular author. As the foundation of a novel it was all too insubstantial. Even a Walpole cannot make satisfactory books out of momentary visions.

Sheer storytelling is fallen upon evil days if *Above the Dark Tumult* be accepted as such. If a book is to be only a tale, it is imperative that the tale be well and clearly told, the events moving swiftly so that the reader's interest does not flag. This tale is told confusedly, with tiresome retrogression by a narrator who is only vaguely interested in the events with which the book is concerned. Despite all his efforts, he never succeeds in investing them with the proper significance. The author, seemingly conscious of their insufficiency, tries to obtain his effect by suggesting repeatedly the awfulness of the happenings that are to take place. When they do occur, they seem flat and unconvincing. Phrases like these arouse one's hopes: . . . 'throughout all the extraordinary moments that followed' . . . 'there followed the oddest ten minutes—I was going to say of my life, but there were to be other strange ten minutes before this odd evening was over.' 'Although other more striking things were to happen later in the evening . . .'; 'this was the first moment (although it was not to be the last) during this

evening when I was quaking, panic-driven by terror.' This constant anticipating is bad technique, irritating to the reader, who resents being cheated of the promised thrills, and led to a very tame conclusion.

The difficulty is that Walpole has placed his emphasis on events rather than on character, and the events are not sufficiently gripping. Swift narrative is not his forte. He is essentially leisurely and rambling in his style, a manner well suited to the chronicle novel or to detailed character study. The Walpole equivalent of a 'thriller' is an imaginative analysis of the state of mind of the people involved in a crime or in some atmosphere of evil. *The Prelude to Adventure* was a convincing study of the effect of a murder upon the man who unintentionally committed it, the interest wholly in the character of Dune. In *The Portrait of a Man With Red Hair*, the important thing once more was character, that of the Red-Haired Man himself, and the effect upon the other people concerned of association with him. *Above the Dark Tumult* has little psychological interest. Gunn, the narrator, is a dull soul, who tells his laborious tale because, as he says, 'I alone, can give you, as I think, the point of it all.' Yet of Osmund, the half-crazed idealist who is responsible for all that happens, Gunn is made to say, 'Know Osmund? It must be apparent to any reader of this narrative that I never knew him at all—from first to last he was a mystery to me.'

Osmund and his story are a mystery to everyone — one would include Mr. Walpole himself were it not that he loses no opportunity of reminding the reader that he is indulging in fantasy, induced by the vision. He has always been fond of dreams and visions. Here there is a constant analogy with the world of Don Quixote, a copy of which Gunn carries with him everywhere and alludes to upon all occasions. A slim Pirandelloish philosophy runs through the book—'But that is sanity, the Quixote world.'

Hugh Walpole has always created rather arbitrarily the atmosphere of his novels, making of it a live thing which tweaks and pulls the characters this way and that. Here he has tried to make a novel out of atmosphere alone—the unreality of the world of flaring signs above Piccadilly, counting upon that to lend glamour to his events and characters. It can't be done; one must call his bluff. He has had his holiday, but it is likely to prove an expensive one. It takes a well-established reputation to stand the strain of such a fiasco as this.

M. A. CAMPBELL

THE GAY NINETIES

THE PAINTER OF VICTORIAN LIFE—CONSTANTIN GUYS—(The Studio, Ltd.; pp. 172; 42/-).

WITH the drawings of Constantin Guys and the translation of Baudelaire's essay, *The Painter of Modern Life*, we are taken back into the life of Paris during the reign of Napoleon the Third—an epoch often referred to as the 'orgy of the Second Empire.' Officers in dazzling uniforms courting ladies of light humour in warm

drawing-rooms, elegant carriages in which ladies parade their well-powdered faces and their gorgeous crinolines, horses that have all the nervousness and smartness of the dandies who ride them; exquisitely elegant creatures, in the street, at the theatre, some richly bejewelled holding their fans with precious attitudes, others highly made up casting bold glances at men . . . everywhere to the rhythm of the waltz or to the cadenza of trotting horses, it is the life of pleasure of the nineteenth century which is being echoed. In this work is depicted the morrow of cruel and sad days, the morrow of the Revolution of 1789, of the Napoleonic Wars. After the bloodshed and anxieties of war-time, and the sobs of heavy hearts, here is a people abandoning itself to a gay life. With an aristocratic sophistication, Constantin Guys has written down in hectic lines the chronicle of this Victorian age, an age strangely akin to ours in the licentious phases of its life. Only it is to the broken rhythm of jazz that our contemporaries abandon themselves. Instead of dazzling uniformed and wasp-waisted men, we see pale-faced males with a sombre grin sitting opposite women in drawing rooms or in cabarets. While a crystal-like laughter comes to us through the art of Constantin Guys, the laughter of the late nineties, careless and carefree, it is somewhat of a sobbing laughter which expresses the mood of our contemporaries on the morrow of the great war.

This book is a fitting tribute to one of the three great graphic artists of France during the nineteenth century. It has all the distinction, the refinement, discriminating beauty which are the dominating qualities of the art of Constantin Guys. It is aristocratic in presentation and in contents. It is comprehensive and vitally understanding. The introductory note by P. G. Konody offers a bracing biography and a lively portrait sketch of Constantin Guys and his environment. In reviving Baudelaire's essay on 'The Painter of Modern Life' together with presenting so wide and so choice a collection of reproductions (about one hundred and fifty of them), The Studio Ltd. has contributed in our day one of the finest and most inspiring art offerings. It will assist the connoisseur and the art lover in their respective quest, and it has thrown a wealth of aesthetic suggestions into the minds of the literary and artistically minded students of the Victorian age and will give a still more authoritative background to those 'sophisticates' of today who so well duplicate the dandies of the Victorian era.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER

ROUGH RIDER

ROOSEVELT, THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, 1880-1919, by Owen Wister (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 373; \$4.25).

A CONTEMPORARY once described Roosevelt as 'a mixture of St. Paul and St. Vitus.' The description, like most epigrams, was too clever to be accurate; but it was not without a definite element of truth. There was a certain apostolic streak in Roosevelt—a dislike of evil

that was by turns sorrow and indignation; there was also a strong element of impulsiveness, the product of his restless vigour. And it is these two qualities which emerge most clearly from Mr. Wister's account of Roosevelt as a friend.

There were, of course, other elements. Ambition was one, and a very strong one. Allied with it was a bulldog determination to have his own way—not always with the happiest results. And his impulsiveness was occasionally tempered by diplomacy and even by caution, which helped to make him all the more unpredictable even to his friends. But above all these the two major qualities stand out—the desire for reform which earned him the nickname of 'Trust Buster,' and the vigour which meant that Roosevelt, more than any other president between Lincoln and Wilson, impressed his personality on the government and the course of events.

Mr. Wister's volume is not strictly a biography. It is a record of a friendship which began in their college days and lasted until death intervened. In that record there is as much of Wister as of Roosevelt—indeed, Johnson seems occasionally in danger of being overshadowed by Boswell. But the glimpses of Roosevelt in his moments of relaxation are usually interesting and vivid, and cast a light upon the personality of the man which is by no means without value to the student of his public career.

It is not, of course, an unbiased account. Mr. Wister is frankly a hero-worshipper, and occasionally his worship is so enthusiastic as to be almost naive. But it holds the charm of a sincere devotion; and if the narrative frequently runs into sentimentality, the sentiment is not unworthy. And there is a real value in the author's picture of the circumstances in which Roosevelt was placed. Viewed coldly and in isolation the sum of Roosevelt's reforming efforts seems very small compared with the crying needs of the early years of the century. But Mr. Wister moved among the dominant industrial and social figures of the period; he presents the attitude of powerful men who were Roosevelt's close acquaintances; and in the face of that attitude, Roosevelt's course appears as one of courage and sincerity. The book is not an outstanding contribution, but it is one which has a definite value; and especially it is one whose sincerity and charm, as well as its theme, make its reading a very real pleasure.

EDGAR MCINNIS

BEATING THE BOSS!

RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT AMONG UNORGANIZED WORKERS, by Stanley B. Mathewson and others (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 212; \$3.00).

THIS book is what results when a pseudo-economist runs loose and curious among the great unwashed. It might better have been called 'Confessions of Casual Labour,' or 'Beating the Boss by Bumming.'

Through every paragraph of the cases of restriction and sabotage presented in the first hundred pages, runs the fascination of whispered confidences, now for the first time brought to light. How 'Red' was threatened by his fellow-

workers when he quadrupled his output; how Pete was forced to curtail production of cloth 50 per cent.; how Don threw tin into the machine in order to give himself a chance to rest while it was being fixed. No names, or wrong names, no details whatever, but none the less 'case material.' The critical reader soon discovers that the workers interviewed were for the most part unusually capable ones, who had found themselves in new jobs beneath their capacity, and were forced to curtail output to the standard set by the sluggards. Very few women were interviewed.

The industries studied were not representative. Too much of the study was made in automobile plants, where the menace of seasonal unemployment is more serious than in other trades, and the tendency to spin out the job correspondingly greater. The rapid changes of technique in this industry have prevented it from setting standards of output; also, the absence of the loyal and skilled foremen and sub-executives, only to be found in a long established industry, has left the door open for dishonest workers to set their own pace, sometimes with the connivance of foremen, fool the efficiency experts, hide materials, and injure the machinery.

It is a commonplace that no human being can do his best all the time, and that if he is to keep up a uniform speed, that speed must be a walk rather than a run. In order to avoid minor interruptions, the timing of machinery allows for them in advance. A certain amount of unoccupied time is essential to smooth running and is one of the unescapable overhead costs of industry. This has been neglected throughout the book—top speed is assumed to be the best speed.

Mr. Mathewson almost entirely overlooks one important consideration—that ordinary laziness is probably more important than conscious restriction of output in keeping down production. The last contributor to this book, Mr. Morgan, has pointed this out in his chapter entitled 'Conclusions.'

One is tempted to ask: Is not this laziness, so often found among workers who do the lightest and easiest jobs, partly due to the unnatural working conditions, the slavery to the time clock, and the unconscious revolt of many workers against automatic tasks which involve a greater nervous strain than their physique can support? Restriction of output, whether deliberate or not, may for many workers be not only employment insurance but health insurance.

The abundant evidence showing how workers curtail output whenever efficiency experts and stop-watch men come within gunshot seems to take the ground from under the feet of this bright-eyed gentry. But no factory which keeps accurate records of the output and materials used, could be fooled as Mr. Mathewson suggests.

While the evidence presented cannot claim to be a fair sample, it does indicate that conscious restriction of output may occur among non-union workers. It is hardly fair, then, to blame the labor unions alone for a policy which is also adopted by unorganized common sense.

D. MACGREGOR

SHORT NOTICES

THE CRISIS OF ENGLISH LIBERTY. A History of the Stuart Monarchy and the Puritan Revolution, by Sir John A. R. Marriott. (Oxford University Press; pp. xiv, 472; \$4.50).

Sir John Marriott is worried about Parliament. Inspired chiefly by Lord Hewart's work on 'The New Despotism,' he views with alarm the growth of bureaucracy, and the growing habit of Parliament of delegating its former functions to the permanent officialdom. Here, he feels, is a menace which must be dealt with—else what will become of representative government?

'Recent tendencies,' he writes, 'have thus invested the history of the seventeenth century with a new and arresting significance.' The parallel might not at first be obvious, but he makes it plain. The role occupied by an aggressive bureaucracy in this age is similar, he feels, to the role occupied by the Crown under the Stuarts. In both cases, liberty was entrusted to the guardianship of Parliament; in both cases it was threatened by an outside power. It is therefore essential to study the conflict of Parliament and the Crown if we are to understand the factors at work today.

There is not, in this review, any great need to analyze this theory. In fact, the author does not pursue it. Having relieved his mind of its alarms, he settles down to deal with the Stuart period and to consider the course of the struggle between the Crown and Parliament.

That is the essence of the volume under review. It is not a political history. It is not, strictly speaking, an analysis of the constitutional principles at issue. It is rather a parliamentary history, and even then it is confined to an account of those points at which Parliament and King came into conflict.

Now this is a narrow field, and its narrowness gravely diminishes the value of the book. The problems of the Stuart period cannot be confined within such limits. Behind the parliamentary episodes lie social developments and political events which must be taken into account if such episodes are to be clearly explained. Under the circumstances, this clarity of explanation is too often lacking. The background is neglected; the analysis of the problems of the Crown is inadequate; the movements which come to a head in the parliamentary struggle are imperfectly explained. There are a great many facts con-

tained in the narrative; but they are not always the significant facts, and the explanation behind them is too often left obscure.

The author hopes that the volume will appeal to the general reader. I have grave fears that he will be disappointed. The partial nature of the narrative makes it difficult to follow adequately without a considerable knowledge of the period, and its close and heavy style adds to the difficulty. And for the student its value is quite as dubious. The author has little new material to present; nor, in spite of his introductory thesis, has he any new interpretation to offer. Trevelyan has dealt with the political side of the period. Tanner has done the constitutional side. This volume occupies a place somewhere between them—a place, I am afraid, very similar to that of one who has fallen between two very substantial stools.

E. M.

THE DOGS, by Ivan Nazhivin (Allen & Unwin; pp. 331; 7/6).

It must be the current interest in anything Russian that explains the translation and publication of this silly and amateurish book. Seldom does a writer go to such pains to show in how many ways he can fail as a novelist. Dog-story, scenes of the hunt, domestic life on a rural estate in pre-war Russia, ferocious satire on the Grand Duke Nicholas and his clique, Grand Guignol glimpses of war and revolution—hardly one of these things is handled with sureness of touch, and they are all jumbled together in a hotch-potch of singular ineffectiveness. The book is mainly interesting as showing how dangerous that scorn of formal art—which often seems to be the very strength of the Russian giants of fiction—becomes in the hands of inferior craftsmen. It is impossible to imagine a Frenchman perpetrating a book like this; so there must be something to be said for what French culture spares the world, even if one should deny all it bestows upon us. The sad thing is that a lack of disciplinary tradition renders nugatory clear germs of talent. There are some descriptive passages in this book that can almost hold their own with Turgenev's *Byezhin Meadow* or Tolstoy's lyrics of the coming of spring in *Anna Karenina*, so truly Homeric is their note of sensitiveness to the great rhythms of nature. But the dog-story—which the writer seems to regard as his longest cue—is lament-

able. A reference to Anatole France's *Riquet* is made in the early pages of the work, but there is no sign that the writer has pondered the lesson that the great masters of the animal-story like La Fontaine and Kipling could have taught him—restraint and lightness of touch in ascribing human reasoning to animals. As for the apparent *leit-motiv* of the book the idea of presenting the human life of a changing epoch as mirrored in canine eyes, it is one of those 'original' ideas which justify much of the contumely that the 'new humanists' pour upon the concept of 'originality' in general.

A. F. B. C.

MOVING FORWARD, by Henry Ford in collaboration with Samuel Crowther (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 310; \$2.75).

The interesting part of this book is contained in the chapters which describe the technical problems involved in the change-over from Model T to Model A, and in the continually enlarging mass-production of a constantly improved car for a world market. Mr. Ford is a great engineer and can talk with inspiration about his own subject. But when he passes from the River Rouge to industrial society in general he begins to rant and grow rhetorical. Boiled down, his gospel simply amounts to a slightly more subtle form of Couéism. Over and over again he talks of higher wages and increased efficiency. There is never a hint that the Ford car came to meet a new need at a particular stage in the technological development of our civilization, and that its inventor happened to hit on a commodity for which in our generation there is an almost infinitely elastic demand. And even in Detroit the gospel doesn't work quite automatically. Witness Edmund Wilson's report, in the *New Republic* of March 25, of conversations he had with ex-Ford employees during these hard times. If Mr. Ford wants to produce a really thrilling book he should give Mr. Crowther a realistic exposition of how he treats workers when they are working, and of what he considers the responsibilities of employers to employees to be when the workers are not employed. And then he might tell us whether he honestly thinks that a whole society whose conditions of livelihood are as precarious as those of Ford workers is likely to be really happy.

F. H. U.

TWENTY-FOUR VIEWS OF MARRIAGE, by Various Writers (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xix, 452; \$2.50).

Some years ago there appeared in *Punch* a mildly amusing series of drawings under the general heading of 'Impossible Situations,' or some such title, and among these was a picture of 'George Bernard Shaw Taking Tea at a Country Vicarage.' There is something about this book that recalls memories of that gentle satire. It is produced by a commission of the Presbyterian Church of the United States in connection with their investigation into the problems of marriage, divorce, and remarriage, and it is dedicated to 'The Christian Home.' The members of this commission were evidently determined to be broad-minded at all costs, and in addition to several essays which deal with questions of sex from a conventional religious viewpoint they have included chapters by Bertrand Russell, Keyserling, Judge Lindsey, Walter Lippmann, and Ellen Key. There is some excellent food provided at this tea-party but the chief result of sampling all these strangely-assorted viands is likely to be violent indigestion. As a coherent whole it is even less satisfactory than most symposiums because few of the contributions were written specifically for this volume but are simply chapters lifted from the published works of the various authors (with, of course, the authors' permission). For example, 'Christian Ethics' is taken from Bertrand Russell's book, *Marriage and Morals*, and 'Free Divorce,' by Ellen Key, is from her *Love and Marriage*. The appendices include extracts from the report of the Joint Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the problem of divorce, and a selection from a book by Gosney and Popenoe on *Sterilization for Human Betterment*.

J. F. W.

THE SISTERS JEST AND EARNEST, by Principal Maurice Hutton (Mussion Book Co.; pp. 287; \$3.50).

The latest volume from the pen of the principal emeritus of University College, Toronto, purports to be a collection of essays and addresses; in reality it is a rather charming romantic novel with a hero by the name of Plato. At least I encountered this gentleman's name 56 times before reaching page 200, at which point I gave up—gave up counting, not perusing the book.

This Plato goes through many strange adventures and pops up in

the most unexpected places, — an essay on Lewis Carroll, for instance. He is not always recognizable as the Greek philosopher, his favourite disguise being a pair of Prince Consort side-whiskers and a Christian ethic. Yet, as I say, both he and his interpreter are always charming.

Professor Hutton is that rare phenomenon, the Victorian who is not ashamed of the fact. He cordially dislikes most manifestations of the modern mind from socialism and lipstick to free verse and the new woman, but he is forthright about his detestation and, unlike so many of his generation, he does not pretend to walk with the modern gods in friendship and then stab them in the back. If he has all the incomprehension of the Victorian he has also all the virtues. He has standards and opinions, especially on the subject of education. They are sound and vigorously expressed and, in these days when the be-all and end-all of education for the modern pedagogical expert seems to be the intelligence test and such-like childish nonsense, it is a pleasure to read him.

F.H.W.

CANADIAN WRITER'S MARKET SURVEY, compiled and issued by the Writers Club of Toronto (Graphic Publishers, Ltd.; pp. 318; \$2.00).

This is a very practical and valuable compendium of information for

the Canadian writer, compiled by a committee of the Writers Club of Toronto. It is intended as a guide for the Canadian writer in the marketing of his work. Its unique characteristic is that the list of Canadian publications is exhaustive. In addition to these, it lists all the American, British, and Australian publications that are likely to provide a market for Canadian writing. Such information is given as type of story or article acceptable, terms of payment, copyright practice, use of photographs, and attitude to stories with Canadian setting and to articles on Canadian subjects. All in all, the specially Canadian character of the book, and the thoroughness of its preparation, make it indispensable to the Canadian who thinks seriously of writing for publication.


J. D. R.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HON. SIR SAM HUGHES, by Brigadier-General Charles F. Winter (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 182; \$2.25).

This is a book of personal reminiscences by the officer who was Military Secretary to Sir Sam Hughes during the years 1911-1916. It is divided into chapters but is otherwise without form or arrangement, and it is full of repetitions. It does not succeed in rehabilitating the reputation of its subject because it does not attempt any serious documented exposition of what Sir Sam's policy really was or any serious answer to the criticisms which have been passed upon him by competent military men ever since 1914. It merely harps on the theme that he was a volcano of energy and that he was a good friend to his friends. But, of course, one of the main charges against him was that he was too good a friend to his friends. There is hardly anything here about the shameless promotions of personal favourites or the contracts scandals; and the reader never gets a hint of what an unmitigated nuisance Hughes had become by 1916 to the Canadian Government, to the War Office, and to the Canadian forces in England and France. The author's standard of judgment may perhaps be inferred from his account of the famous Hughes combination intrenching shovel and head shield, 'which, could it have been made light enough to be easily portable and yet remain bullet-proof, would have been of great value in trench warfare.' Most of the gallant Sam's Napoleonic ideas were surrounded by ifs of that kind.

F. H. U.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE, by Miguel de Cervantes (Harrap-Ariston Press; pp. 446; \$2.50).

This attractive edition of *Don Quixote* is one of a new series of classics or pseudo-classics, most of them by English writers of the nineteenth century. Dumas and Cervantes are the only Europeans represented. The book is attractively bound; the paper, though light, is opaque, and the print is clean and not too small. The edition is abridged, which is inevitable in a single volume which contains both parts one and two. A condensed *Don Quixote* is probably better than none at all, and of course such a book may drive the reader at once to a complete edition. The translation is good. It makes easy reading, yet mildly suggests the archaic. It lacks the forcefulness of the seven-

teenth century, but on the other hand, it spares us the deliberate facetiousness of Motteux and the careless inaccuracies of Shelton. Best of all, the book is not illustrated, and for that the publishers deserve our thanks. The average *de luxe* edition of *Don Quixote* is an insult to Cervantes and an infliction on the innocent reader. The illustrators, from Doré to the present, have all felt that there is no limit to the grotesque and macabre in their subject, and the more ridiculous their figure of the Don, the better their work. Cervantes thought otherwise, but the artists do not seem to have read Cervantes. Those who do wish to read him have in this edition a handy volume for the purpose with nothing in it to prevent them from forming their own conception of that great figure, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

A. G.

THE EVOLUTION OF ENGLAND: a Commentary on the Facts, by James A. Williamson (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 482; \$4.50).

This is much more a narrative history than its subtitle admits, but it is not one of those close-packed collections of facts and dates which are written for students with examinations to pass. By selecting and emphasizing the facts which he considers most significant and by analyzing at length the main social trends of each period the author has given us an interpretation of English history that can be read with profit by everyone interested in the subject. One naturally compares the book with the similar productions of G. M. Trevelyan and Ramsay Muir. The graceful charm with which Trevelyan reaches all the orthodox conclusions is lacking here as is the gusto of Muir; and somehow or other the reader doesn't

quite catch the feeling from Williamson as from Trevelyan and Muir that the ultimate purpose of human evolution was to produce the English gentleman and his Commonwealth.

F. H. U.

INDIA: LAND OF THE BLACK PAGODA, by Lowell Thomas (Century Co.; pp. xiii, 350; \$4.00).

Mr. Thomas has been at it again. Knowing his journalistic energy and opportunism, it was too much to hope that he would leave India alone—and he hasn't. In fact he has trotted about the country for two whole years collecting mental snapshots for his readers. His journeyings were prompted, he declares, by a description he once heard of the Black Pagoda and its erotic sculpture, and his sub-title might therefore seem to be significant. Let not his readers be deceived. The most sensitive pulse will not be fluttered—although Mr. Thomas now and then suggests that if Western ears were not so pure... Nevertheless the book has its virtues. It avoids politics and contains a few vivid, if superficial, descriptions and some interesting photographs. In short, weekly journalism (American model) in a slick binding.

H. K. G.

EVERYBODY'S BOSWELL. *The Life of Samuel Johnson and A Tour to the Hebrides* (G. Bell—Clarke, Irwin & Co.; pp. 609; \$3.00).

This is a thoroughly delightful volume. Who performed the abridgement I cannot discover, but he has conferred a great benefit upon the public. Mr. Shepard's drawings are pleasant but they are in the pointless manner of those illustrations to novels now happily obsolete. Instead of Johnson dusting his books or bowing to an archbishop we should have wel-

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comed a few pictures of London in Johnson's day. The page is most admirable, the type (particularly in the index) being beautiful.

G. N.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

WET WIT AND DRY HUMOUR, by Stephen Leacock (Dodd, Mead; pp. viii, 260; \$2.00).

GENERAL

THE FALL OF PRICES, by John A. Todd (Oxford University Press; pp. 68; \$0.75).

WILLIAM CONGREVE, by D. Crane Taylor (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 252; \$3.75).

FOUR HANDSOME NEGRESSES, by R. Hernekin Baptist (Cape-Nelson; pp. 256; \$2.00).

FINE ART 1931 (The Studio, Special Spring No.; pp. 136; 7/6).

GREEK CITIES IN ITALY AND SICILY, by David Randall-MacIver (Oxford University Press; pp. xxi, 226; \$3.75).

AMERICAN HUMOR, by Constance Bourke (Harcourt, Brace-George J. McLeod; pp. x, 324; \$3.50).

RED BREAD, by Maurice Hindus (Cape-Nelson; pp. 372; \$3.50).

ENGLISH TRADE IN THE MIDDLE AGES, by L. F. Salzman (Oxford University Press; pp. xii, 464; \$3.75).

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CASTLE-REAGH, by C. K. Webster (Clarke Irwin; pp. xv, 589; \$7.50).

MEN OF ART, by Thomas Craven (Mussion; pp. xxii, 524; \$3.75).

THE PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW, complete edition (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 1131; 12/6).

MY MOTHER'S HOUSE, by Lily Tobias (Allen & Unwin; pp. 528; 8/6).

A THEORY OF LAUGHTER, by V. K. Krishna Menon (Allen & Unwin; pp. 187; 5/-).

A STUDY IN AESTHETICS, by Louis Arnaud Reid (Allen & Unwin; pp. 415; 15/-).

THEORIES OF POPULATION FROM RALEIGH TO ARTHUR YOUNG, by James Bonar (Allen & Unwin; pp. 253; 10/6).

THE REVELATION OF DEITY, by J. E. Turner (Allen & Unwin; pp. 220; 8/6).

L. T. HOBHOUSE, by J. A. Hobson & Morris Ginsberg (Allen & Unwin; pp. 360; 12/6).

HEALTH AND SOCIAL EVOLUTION, by Sir George Newman (Allen & Unwin; pp. 200; 4/6).

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS, by Frances Pitt (Allen & Unwin; pp. 320; 15/-).

NATIONAL DEFENCE, by Kirby Page (Farrar & Rinehart; pp. x, 403; \$3.00).

PARNELL VINDICATED, by Henry Harrison (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 447; \$5.00).

THE TABLES TURNED, by James Bonar (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 135; \$2.25).

THE ROAD BACK, by Erich Maria Remarque (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 320; \$2.00).

JOKES—SEEN AND UNSEEN, collected by David Fraser Fraser-Harris (Alexander Gardner; pp. 126; 2/-).

THE WAR IN THE AIR, Vol. III,

by H. A. Jones (Oxford University Press; pp. xxi, 443; 17/6).

AMERICA'S WAY OUT, by Norman Thomas (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix, 324; \$2.50).

SCHILLER'S WALLENSTEIN, translated by A. F. Murison (Longmans, Green; pp. viii, 452; \$4.50).

WHAT'S WRONG WITH UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE, by Ronald C. Davison (Longmans, Green; pp. 73; 2/6).

SON OF WOMAN, by John Middleton Murry (Cape-Nelson; pp. 397; 10/6).

NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER, by M. Ilin (Thomas Allen; pp. 162; \$1.75).

THE CREATION OF CHARACTER IN LITERATURE, by John Galsworthy (Oxford University Press; pp. 27; \$0.60).

HITLER, by Wyndham Lewis (Mussion; pp. ix, 202; \$2.00).

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER, by Richard Aldington (Mussion; pp. 365; \$2.00).



CANADIAN FORUM COVERS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
SIR:

Mr. MacDonald's letter in your June issue makes it necessary for me to point out that he has entirely missed the point which I wrote to you about. If you still have a copy of that issue left, perhaps Mr. MacDonald will read my letter again and realize that it does not contain one word of criticism of the quality of work, but deals entirely with the subject matter.

No matter how expert the cook be, and no matter how excellent the dish, if we have the same food served to us day after day, I reiterate that it becomes 'Cold Hash'. Unlike some ladies and gentlemen of this youthful land, I have always considered that my best friends were my severest critics and so I am glad to welcome Mr. MacDonald to what is, I can assure him, a very large circle.

I wonder if his pulse will beat faster if I tell him that I have a Thoreau MacDonald Room at my summer cottage, of which I am very proud? Mr. MacDonald, need I say more?

Yours etc.,

J. W. McLAREN

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
SIR:

Having stumbled on the letter in which Mr. McLaren so jauntily discourses on originality and 'cold hash' for the enlightenment of Thoreau MacDonald, I must horn in.

Of all Canadian artists, to me, A. Y. Jackson and Thoreau MacDonald are the most truly Canadian. In the work of both of them I feel the impulse of a true artist expressing his personal reaction to the subject; not ignoring art that has been done before but using the artist's intelligence and training to give vigour to his language.

I have not had the fortune to see any of Mr. McLaren's work but I should have thought with all his pioneering in the O.S.A., he would have discovered that novelty or originality, whichever he chooses to call it, is in no sense associated with the subject matter with which the artist works. Canadian log-cabins, conifers, or barns have hardly been exhausted as material for the artist. I doubt very much if Canada had any barns when Peter Brueghel painted some really interesting barn pictures and yet with all the intervening time, Van Gogh and George Bellows seemed

to find something more than entertaining in the painting of a barn. It's just possible that they were a little more concerned with making good pictures than with whether the thing had been done before.

A work of art presented as a black and white drawing and not as a large oil painting has none the less the possible potentialities of being both original and fine. I consider

Thoreau MacDonald's work in *THE CANADIAN FORUM* is both of these and it is the one reason this family saves the back numbers.

To me Mr. MacDonald's drawings are like a breeze from Canada and I consider them the best regular feature *THE CANADIAN FORUM* has.

Yours, etc.,

ROBERT E. JOHNSTON



THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE STAGE

THE order, in this title, is deliberate. There are some who hold that the playwright should exist for the sake of the stage, as the general ought for the sake of the army. I suggest that the analogy is false. Rather, the stage exists to actualize the intentions of the playwright, as the army to realize the will of the government, and both are at the last subject to the real or fancied interest of the people. There is no more need for the playwright to have practical experience of the technical side of the theatre, than for the prime minister to have been a staff officer or a private soldier, or a member of the civil service. A composer is not expected to be able to play every instrument in the orchestra, and is seldom or never equally eminent as a conductor, if he so goes outside his proper field. He knows what the instruments sound like, singly or in combination; he will not be found writing a sustained bass for the piccolo, or treble trills for the tuba; but he knows as the playwright knows the resources of actors — by listening; and expands those resources by the free play of his imagination, within limits set by himself, not by the natural conservatism of professionals.

The playwright's concern is not with the particular methods actors and producers have used up till now to produce certain effects on their audiences, but with the production of new effects, or new varieties of the old ones; as the really original composer will demand the production of note-groups never heard before, except in his imagination. The mental position of both composer and play-

wright must be with the audience, not with the executants. Their concern stops short with the footlights; the arrangement and care of the mechanism which shall produce what comes over the footlights, is the business of the Master Mechanic. Indeed, the playwright derogates from the very real dignity and efficiency of this Engineer by interference with his proper sphere of action and responsibility. In a good play-script there should be potentially as many different plays as there are renderings of a good music-script: that is, as many as there are conductors and producers. A reasonably good play is likely to receive productions and interpretations its author never dreamed of, and be all the richer for it: and the less the author is concerned with particular temporary tricks, the more of this flexibility will his product have. It is the one stable element in the infinite variety of different productions. The production is essentially momentaneous: nothing but what is lasting should go into the written play, for nothing else will endure its fixity.

In Aristotelian language, a playwright's business is with the form, not the matter, of the play. He profits most by watching and analyzing plays from the standpoint of the hearer, and recombining or modifying the elements in the light of his own imagination, and by reading critically among the many good plays he is not likely to see. What does it matter to him which strokes of grease-paint make a man old or young, which lights change noon to sunset? He knows it can be done; and if he wants an effect he has never seen, he need only specify its

external appearance, and ask the producer to produce that, without bothering about the mechanical details himself. The cook does not personally enter into the milling of flour, the growing of grain, the feeding and slaughtering of bees. He demands as his raw materials, certain things which others deliver over to him as finished products. A man may be a superb maker of omelettes, and yet totally incapable either of forging a frying-pan or of laying an egg. So the producer handles the actual script and actors, so the playwright assumes the actors and producers in his handling. A chemist, a bacteriologist, a mathematician, or any other imaginative artist, is no better in his own line, for having a finger in all the practical applications that may be made of his discovery, or an intimate acquaintance with the marketing problems it may raise. He gains more by deliberately abstracting himself from this, and studying the results of fellow-workers in his own field.

The job of the playwright is to produce a script. If it accepts conventional methods of production, the producer can go ahead; if it exceeds them, then the producer must invent, on the basis of his special skill, some way of adequately putting across the required impression. It is the playwright's business to give the producer as clear an idea as he has himself, or as he thinks essential, of the effect desired, but the technical tricks are none of his business. They are at best useless lumber, and at worst, warpers of the mind's attention from the ideal to the mechanic, from the end to the means. There is no reason, of course, why an interest in the art of playwriting should not lead a man incidentally to an interest in the kindred art of play-producing, as it might into fabric-designing, cabinet making, or mechanical engineering: so long as he recognizes that it is a kindred art, and not a part of his own, a hobby, not an essential.

L. A. M.

Note: Compare Pirandello, *Questra Sera Si Recita A Soggetto*, prologue. 'The task of the playwright is complete when he has written the last word. For that work, which is his, he will answer to the reading public and the literary critics. He neither can nor should answer for it to the public spectators, and the dramatic critics who pass judgment sitting in the theatre. . . . The thing that is judged in the theatre is not the work of the writer, which is found only in

his text, but this or that scenic creation that has been made from it, each one differing from the other . . . To judge the text, one must know it: at the theatre this is impossible, through the medium of an interpretation which will be one thing when done by certain actors, when done by others, something different, etc.'

SILENTS!

THE belated Toronto première of the widely-acclaimed *White Hell of Pitz Palu* entitles it, as far as that city is concerned, to the designation of 'the last of the great silent movies'.

For this film is great; it is in the niche with *Sunrise*, *Variety*, *The Patriot*, *The Last Laugh*, and *The Case of Lena Smith*—to cite a few only of the considerable company of silent witnesses to the futility of the parallel suggested recently in these columns by *ajax*, between kerosene *vs.* electric lighting and silent *vs.* talking pictures.

The plot of this film is simple. A mountain-climber, Dr. Kraft, has lost his wife on their honeymoon, in an attempt to scale the great Northern Wall of Pitz Palu. Just a year later, another young couple, meeting him at a half-way house on the Palu, are drawn to accompany him on his second attempt to conquer the Wall. Through the fall of a small avalanche both men are injured, and the party trapped. Five holidaying students who attempt to rescue them are annihilated in a twinkling by another slide. A search-party sets out, and finally the young man and his bride are saved. The other man has gone to join his wife in the White Hell, the crevasses of Pitz Palu.

That is the plot; but the great and overwhelming impression which the film leaves is that of the silent and terrible mountain which draws its victims to it and devours them. There is an immense inevitability, which might perhaps have been emphasized a little at the end by the suggestion that sooner or later, one by one, the second pair of lovers would be lured to their death by this almost living lodestone.

The story is told with a notable absence of theatricality, as befits a tale of such simplicity. Exceptions are, however, the sudden appearance of the grim Dr. Kraft, heralded by a chill gust of wind, which blows out the candles on the festive cake; the hot-headed insistence of the young novice upon leading the way—a device not at all necessary to precipi-

Nearly all seek quality
nearly all drink Salada

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

tate the following disaster, but which heightens the altruism of one or two of Dr. Kraft's subsequent actions, one of which is again theatrical: when the young man is well-nigh frozen, instead of pummeling him into warmth the other strips off his own under-coat and wraps it about him.

There is evident in this film, too, the great fault which one finds in so many German films—slowness, and the laboured emphasizing of fairly obvious points. I by no means hold with complete naturalism: I consider it excellent art to stress significant details; but the significant is not necessarily portentous. That misconception marred Herr Dupont's *Atlantic*, as to a lesser extent it marred *The Blue Angel*. Von Sternberg, who directed the latter, seems, on his brief visit to his Fatherland, to have relapsed into the native habits of over-emphasis and dragginess, habits from which his American work, as far as I have seen it, have been admirably free.

It may be, however, that this heavy underlining, which I find as irritating as the ancient custom of permitting a brief wisecracking sub-title to remain on the screen for the space of two or three minutes, is more necessary than I think, since more than one of those who saw *The Blue Angel* failed to grasp the strong significance of the death of the canary.

In the film under consideration the slowness and repetition are used to excellent effect at times, as when the young man, on the verge of madness, twists his body with a slow regular motion and beats his head against the cliff; the *reductio ad absurdum*,

on the other hand, is the succession of gigantic close-ups of Dr. Kraft's open mouth as again and again his lips go from position *a* to position *b* to form a loud halloo.

The photography in *Pitz Palu* is as lovely as I have ever beheld. The most beautiful shot of all, to me, was the weird, weird picture of the searchers, as they passed along the skyline like wraiths in the swirling snow-spray. And the brief scene of the five students hurled to their death by the avalanche was a masterpiece of sheer horror.

But it is the telling of this story, despite the faults which I have mentioned, which must convince you of the fallacy of *ajax's* suggestion. There are few subtitles; there need be none at all. The gripping story is told, not adequately but superbly, without benefit of sound. When I saw it there was no accompaniment whatsoever, and none was needed. That is the art of the silent film; and it is the poetry of motion-pictures; the best of talkies are but the prose. What a pity that 'sound' should have thrown its ugly monkey-wrench into the works just as we were beginning to be sure of a film or so a year which really achieved a story or a poem, or a song in pantomime!

If *ajax* or any of those who agree with him ever saw *Wonder of Women*, let them recall it and be confounded. The silent seven-eighths of that film was little short of superb; the spoken eighth was appalling. Of course, that was in the latter pioneer days of sound, but it furnished an excellent and a permanent example of the contrast between the two arts, both arts indeed, but the one far superior to the other.

P. A. GARDNER

Are you planning to go abroad — this summer ? IF SO



May we recommend

LONDON by George H. Cunningham. \$3.50. Everyman says "It is one of the best books written about London." It is a comprehensive survey of the history, traditions, and historical associations, arranged under streets in alphabetical order. We are told not only who lived on these streets and where, but also what events took place in them.

LONDON AT HOME by M. V. Hughes. \$1.75. Mrs. Hughes is fast approaching to the level of H. V. Morton in her quick and fascinating style. This book is of use not only for the person visiting London for the first time but also for the one who has visited it scores of times. We are given an insight into the actual life of the Londoners, how they work and play and where they eat and sleep.

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